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From The British Quarterly Review.

Marie Antoinette. "Correspondance inédite de Marie Antoinette." Paris, 1864.

THIS volume has been read with avidity, and we are not at all surprised at the circumstance. The life and conduct of Marie Antoinette will command general attention and interest so long as mankind entertain sympathy for the tragic side of human existence, are attracted to the appalling scenes of the greatest drama of modern history, and seek to understand the character of a prominent actor and illustrious victim in the chaotic strife of the French Revolution. Who has not felt and pitied the contrast between the golden and brilliant dawn of that fair orb of Imperial state and its dim setting in enduring gloom after a course of chequered or lurid fortunes? Who has not mourned over the tale of that life, in youth lapped in the splendours of Versailles and encircled by the homage of a nation, in early womanhood pitilessly exposed to the serpent tooth of far-spreading slander, in later years hurled down to darkness, without a hope on this side of the grave, without a friend to support or comfort, with a frenzied people as a judge and executioner? Who has not grieved as he marks the events which, like a resistless sequence of fate, exposed the Queen, even in the midst of her Court, to the shafts of calumny and popular odium, made her ignorant of her real position and of the terrible future before her, the representative of a Palace faction in a death struggle with an infuriated nation, and handed her over to swift destruction, as if to expiate in her own person the crimes and failings of the French Monarchy? And who, as he sees in what opposite lights of stern censure or enthusiastic praise the subject of this history has been placed by those who view it from different sides, does not often feel perplexity and doubt as to what was the real character of the Queen,—whether hers was a great and noble nature, the victim of a most mournful destiny, or whether, as her detract-

ors assert, she was a corrupt and intriguing woman, that deserved the death she would have inflicted on thousands, had her devices succeeded,—or whether her fate is a signal instance how fearful, in some difficult conjunctures, may be the results of a want of experience, of indiscretion, of ignorance of fact, even though associated with real goodness, with moral purity, and with a fine understanding?

Such being the interest which belongs to the life and career of Marie Antoinette, an authentic correspondence from her pen, that follows the changing course of her fortunes, has naturally commanded a great deal of attention. This volume consists of a series of letters, written by the Queen from 1770 to 1792, that is, from the time of her first appearance in France as the bride of Louis XVI. to a few months before she confronted the judicial murderers of the Revolutionary tribunals. These letters form a running commentary on her acts, her thoughts, her opinions, and her life, throughout this long and memorable period,—how she felt in the early days of her marriage, when not a cloud seemed to dim her prospects,—what was the character of the social life of the Court of Louis XV. and her husband,—what were the secret causes of her unpopularity even long before the outbreak of the Revolution,—how she viewed the approach of that dark portent, and what attitude she held towards it,—and what during its tremendous progress were her hopes, her fears, her plans, and her conduct. In short, to use the words of their editor, these letters are an autobiography of the Queen; and written, as they usually are, to friends, and for the most part without any reserve, they throw the clearest light on her character, and unfold many of the secrets of history. For ourselves, we have read them with deep interest; and although their genuineness has been doubted by some who are fond of starting cavils, we believe internal evidence alone should convince any one they are not forgeries; and we see no reason whatever to question the

positive assurance of their editor, that M. D'Hunolstein is in possession of the originals in the handwriting of the Queen, and that this volume is a faithful copy, "the only changes that have been made being in a few imperfections in spelling."

The first of these letters comprises the period when Marie Antoinette was Dauphiness of France, and moved amidst the splendors of Versailles a vision of innocence, grace, and loveliness. With almost childlike simplicity they describe her procession in state from Vienna to Paris,—how "it rained poetry and acclamations around her,"—how at every town she was received by groups of peasants in their holiday attire, and Watteau-like, masques were formed to welcome her,—how the King and his Court went out to meet her, and the Dauphin said she "was prettier than her picture,"—and how "with tears of anxiety and hope, in the presence of Him who disposes of all, she heard pronounced the marriage blessing." Alluding touchingly to the frightful catastrophe which happened upon her arrival in Paris, "when the Dauphin and she resolved to spend their whole income in the relief of the sufferers," they bring us next into the interior of Versailles, and reveal to us the tenor of her life amidst the grandeur and trials of the Palace. In that Court of stiff ceremonial and state, side by side with hideous depravity and vice, where she had come rather to seal a policy than because her alliance was liked by any one, she shines, the observed of all observers, the glory of worn-out royalty and chivalry, the hope of all that was good in the noblesse, the desire of France, and the people's darling. She tells us how Louis XV. exclaims that he feels a youth of twenty in her presence, and often steals from Dubarry and solitude to sun himself in her innocent company,—how even punctilious Madame Adelaide, who disapproved of the Austrian match, entrusted her with the key of her boudoir, and insisted on seeing her *en famille*,—how "she watered the roses of Madame Victoire, and thus gained that princess's affection,—and how sincerely Provence and D'Orleans tried to make her feel at home in their society. She describes how in the Presence Chamber the courtiers seemed to wait on her looks,—how a word from her lips is the highest of favours,—how she sees her picture in every street, and Paris greets her with loyal shouts,—how her miniature appears encircled with roses,—how poets compare her to Atalanta, as she trips along the terraces of Marli. In short, on the stream of her brilliant existence "youth is at the prow and pleasure at the helm;" and

to outward seeming her life appears a round of bright and joyous magnificence.

These letters, however, show how deceitful these gay appearances really were,—how early gathered around her path the elements of mistrust and suspicion,—what bitter cause of sorrow she had amidst the gorgeous pageants of royalty. She complains often of her isolation, that even with the King she is merely a stranger, that the family sometimes think her a foreigner, and that she is frequently made to feel that her marriage was only State policy. She is shocked at the authority of Dubarry, and chafes at the notion that a royal procuress should head an anti-Austrian faction, and sneer at the daughter of Maria Theresa. She is teased by the chill etiquette and endless ceremonials of Versailles, with its tedious repetition of pomp, and yearns for the family circle of Schœnbrunn, where "existence is not purely artificial." Yet these annoyances were comparatively trifling; and Marie Antoinette might have well been happy in the homage of all that was true and untainted among the aristocracy of France, and in the sincere devotion of the people, who looked to her as the hope of the future, had it not been for a secret cause of the most poignant domestic disappointment. These letters hint, what is already known through Madame Campan's interesting memoirs, that at this period of her early youth the Dauphin was only her husband in name; and the tone in which they refer to him "as polite, timid, silent, undemonstrative," reveals plainly her secret suffering. On the whole, even at this time, her existence was not at all a happy one, and expressions of the following kind, which appear to us the anticipations of the future, occur repeatedly in this correspondence:—

"My dear mother will excuse me if I let her know that now and then I feel so sad that I cannot shake it off. I am angry with myself for this, yet cannot help it; no doubt it arises from the change in my life, and my being without all my old friendships. . . . What would my mother say if she were to know that I am rather disposed to go home than to remain in exile? Yes, exile! Cruel destiny of the daughters of royalty, who can only marry at the other ends of Europe! I was surrounded by the cares and affection of a family that I adored, and now I am in the Unknown."

The following is a vivid sketch of Louis XV. at this period, and of the *entourage* of French Royalty:—

"I think I have been successful with the King; his goodness to me gives me great pleas-

ure. I am not quite certain as to the real feelings of my aunts; they are sometimes demonstrative, sometimes cool; perhaps I do not judge them with justice. As for the Dauphin's sisters, they are always the same; Clotilde is sweetness itself, with good sense and a most amiable smile; Elizabeth is not unamiable, but rather vehement and self-sufficient; she is, however, only seven years old, and shows some charming traits of sensibility. Monsieur is a man who talks little, and keeps everything to himself; after hearing him rebuke poor Clotilde for a little mistake in grammar, I dare not open my mouth in his presence. It was at a drawing-room, and she did not know where to hide herself. The Comte D'Artois is as gay as a page; he troubles himself but little about grammar or anything. Madame Dubarry remains—I have not spoken to you about her before. I behaved towards this *weakness* of the King with all the reserve that you recommended. I have been obliged to sup with her; her manner was half respectful and embarrassed, and half that of a protector. I will not forget your advice, which I have never communicated even to the Dauphin. He hates her, but on account of the King is not wanting in respect. She has a most assiduous Court; the ambassadors go there, and every stranger of distinction seeks to be presented. I have heard curious anecdotes about this Court; they go there as if she really was Queen; she holds a drawing-room, and has a word for everybody. In short, she is Lady Paramount; as the saying is, it is wet because it pleases her; at bottom she is not an unamiable person. The Court is rather melancholy than gay; etiquette here is exceedingly disagreeable; for the rest I am sufficiently happy."

Carlyle has painted with extraordinary power the last moments of Louis XV.,—the horrors of that revolting death-bed, the kingly sinner's fears and superstitions, the hollow selfishness of the troops of courtiers, who awaited his parting gasp with impatience, and the one touch of a nobler feeling, the devotion of his neglected daughters, who, at the imminent peril of their lives, to the last clung to the side of their parent. The following letter describes this scene—fit omen of the coming Revolution—in accurate, though less vivid colours:—

"From the commencement of his malady he felt that he was lost; and if he had a hope, it was only for an instant. He took care from the first that he should not be interrupted in the due discharge of his religious duties. Dubarry disappeared; he saw her for the last time on the morning of the 4th, when she retired to a house of M. D' Aiguillon. On the 7th, at three in the morning, the King called for a confessor, who remained with him for a long time; and in this showed both courage and devotion. The small-pox of the King was of the worst type, and very contagious; he had spoken of this to his physicians, and without awaiting

their answer had forbidden the Dauphin and his brothers to approach his room. At first he was annoyed that my aunts persisted in remaining at his side, but they continued to nurse him with such courage and affection that at last he ceased to make any remonstrance. He was occasionally delirious, but only at intervals; and he died in the possession of his faculties—a fearful end, for he had a horror of death, and his sufferings were of an excruciating kind; on the last day but one he exclaimed that he was falling in pieces."

On the death of this Heliogabalus of France, the Crown devolved on Louis XVI., and Marie Antoinette became Queen Consort. The social and political order of the Monarchy was now in a state of decay, and about to fall with a portentous crash; and the Revolution, with its chaos of terrors, was already upon the verge of the future. The whole frame of Government in France was out of joint with the national opinion; and veneration, obedience, and loyalty—all that keeps society on a secure basis, all that forms the real defence of a throne—were being divorced from their natural objects. The Church, stamped with the image of despotism, and at once intolerant, corrupt, and effete, was full of disunion within itself, was assailed by all the educated classes, and was odious to the mass of the People. The Monarchy, absolute in its pretensions, yet unsustained by a real aristocracy, rapidly losing its hold on the nation; and, being identified with the abuses of feudalism, and the traditions of ancient tyranny and wrong, was viewed as the keystone and support of a system thoroughly vicious and false; and notwithstanding its high prestige, was on an unsafe and precarious foundation. As for the French *noblesse*, instead of being the prop of the throne and the pride of the nation, they were simply a privileged caste, without power, yet with odious rights; and while they were considered the representatives of the Government in every part of the country, they had made themselves as a class detested. Outside the pale of this bad *régime* of tottering despotism and worn-out feudalism, and for different reasons hostile to it, was the French nation in its various classes; the educated roturiers and rich bourgeoisie indignant at their social degradation; the thinkers active in exposing the vices and absurdities of the whole system of Government; the peasantry and the masses of the People exasperated at the exaction and oppression to which they were continually subjected. Add to this a general atmosphere of scepticism, of irreligion, and of discontent diffused over French society; an appalling dissoluteness and corruption of

morals; as usually happens before national convulsions, economic and financial derangements; in the upper classes, insolent luxury; among the lower, unpitied poverty;—and we shall have some notion of the condition of France as, during the reign of Louis XVI., she was drifting towards the final catastrophe.

Whether any sovereign or any government could have found a remedy for this state of things, it is idle now to speculate or conjecture. Louis XVI. was not the man to accomplish such an herculean task, and in his way he unwittingly accelerated the advent of the impending calamity. At once ignorant of the state of France, desirous to carry out reforms, yet afraid to throw himself upon the People, his policy and conduct alienated the *noblesse*, yet did not satisfy the mass of the nation, and withdrew from his throne its natural support, yet did not base it on popular affection. Moreover, in an age when Royalty required all its natural *prestige*, he deprived it of much of its ancient splendour, and in his ungraceful and unkingly person withdrew from it much of its dignity. And, though unconsciously, Marie Antoinette co-operated in the same direction. She was not responsible for the policy of the King, for it was one of his unfortunate characteristics that he never sought her counsel in anything, and she remained in ignorance of State affairs until the commencement of the catastrophe. But she played her part in annoying the *noblesse* by simplifying the etiquette of the Palace; and this social change, which robbed feudalism of much of its traditional grandeur, had a marked effect in influencing opinion and in quickening the revolutionary movement. The result was, that 1789 found the French Monarchy in the weakest state; well-nigh deserted by the *noblesse*, yet not really loved by the People; that all the tendencies of this reign were to precipitate, not to avert, the Revolution; that not only wisdom and power were wanting to Royalty at this juncture, but that it was the lot of its representatives to aid unknowingly in its subversion. By the strange irony of relentless fate, the inheritors of the ancient edifice were led blindly to join in its overthrow.

From the contemporaneous letters in this volume we can collect accurately the real relations of the King and Queen with the nation at this juncture. Marie Antoinette repeatedly alludes to the general feeling in favour of reforms; but incidentally, on many occasions, she reveals her own and her husband's inexperience of the condition and the requirements of the kingdom. They

"are beset by memorials demanding change, and asserting that the Monarchy is at stake;" but Louis, "like one who has fallen from a steeple," does not know where to turn for a policy, and she, "held in ignorance of "affairs," can think "only of princely charities." From both the victims of the coming time, the symptoms of the future are withheld; and she floats upon the stream of existence, just glancing at events as they pass without a perception of their significance, and engaged in a round of royal pageantries, in which she boasts that she has set the example of "doing away with silly ceremonies." She little knows that Monarchy in France is such a decayed and tottering structure, that a touch laid on its antique furniture may bring down the whole in destruction, and she exults as she describes the changes she has wrought in the etiquette of the "cercle," and the tedious absurdities of the "*coucher* and *lever*." And, though always respectful to the King, she lets us see, in unconscious touches, how unfitted at this crisis he was to bear the weight of the French Monarchy. She thus refers incidentally to him:—

"You wish me to speak confidentially and openly about the character of the King. It is a delicate matter to write upon. I do not think it possible that anyone can have a better disposition or a more scrupulous conscience; and his only object is to do good. But by what means? I hardly know what is in his thoughts: he does not let out his mind, and he is very often in a state of agitation. I can not say that he distrusts me, or that he treats me as a child; on the contrary, the other day he made me a long speech, just as if he were talking to himself about the reforms required in the finances and the law; and he added, that I should assist him, that I should be a blessing to his throne, that I should cause him to be loved, that he wished to be so. But he did not say how all this was to be done, either because he does not himself know or because he has not consulted his ministers. To these he writes a great deal; in fact, he is a man that keeps much to himself, that seems to be disquieted at his task, that wishes to govern after a paternal fashion. I do not wish to tease him, so I ask him no questions. He does just as well not to consult me, for I am more embarrassed than he is; and I have resolved to follow the example of my mother, to go straight on my way and try to do good."

While, under a government of this kind, France was drifting rapidly towards the precipice, the private life of Marie Antoinette was being embittered by cruel calumny, and she was losing much of her early popularity. Even from the first, she had been the object of the dislike of a small

portion at Court; and it is said that Madame Adelaide was the first to give her the sobriquet of *L'Autrichienne*, which was to acquire a fatal significance. So long, however, as it appeared probable that Louis XVI. would remain childless, this animosity was confined to a few; and Marie Antoinette, as these letters show, was not annoyed by domestic treason, and lived a life of outward magnificence, at peace with her husband's family. But as soon as, after years of disappointment, she had given an heir to the French throne, the Comte de Provence and the Duc D'Orleans, who saw their hope of succeeding baffled, evinced their sentiments of dislike; and foes who were those of her household, disseminated numberless slanders about her. Then grew up those factions within the Palace who represented her as an imperious stranger that domineered over a crowned wittol, and traduced her as a second Messalina, and a mere tool of Austrian policy. Nor can it be disputed that, although innocent in all respects of these odious charges, the Queen gave some occasion to malevolence by her somewhat careless contempt of etiquette, by her disregard of some of the *bienséances* which Royalty, after all, should observe, and by her practice of female friendships, which married women should ever eschew, and which naturally in her case laid her open to the censure of favouritism. Long before the outbreak of the Revolution, she had become the object of the bitter dislike of her husband's family and of many of the *noblesse*; her character had been foully handled by slanderers within her own Court; and, as the popular historian remarks, the mob, who in the excesses of the Revolution denounced her as a traitress and a harlot, repeated only the dark calumnies which had been originally hatched in the Palace. It is hardly necessary to point out how fatal to the *prestige* of royalty were the consequences of these vile reports; as in the case of the King and Queen, the highest among the aristocracy of France contributed to accelerate the Revolution.

We quote an allusion from these letters to some of these detestable slanders:—

"Last year the King and I were put in the way of discovering some abominable libels directed against myself, and still wet from the Press. We found out that it was the speculation of a rogue, who conveyed into our hands what he had himself composed. What strikes me most is the obstinacy of certain persons in representing me as a stranger, pre-occupied with my country, and at heart not a French-

woman. This is shameful: all my acts show that I have done my duty, and that my duty is a pleasure to me. It is all the same; evil reports fly about, and the most simple occurrences are tortured into improprieties. The other day an imprudent person asked for himself and lady permission to see my little Vienna, so he called Trianon; and so I found out that a coterie exists which pretends that I have changed the name of my husband's gift to me. In fact Versailles is surrounded by rogues and intriguing persons."

The darkest and most plausible of these scandals was that of the affair of the necklace, which injured deeply the Queen's reputation, and, by lowering the dignity of royalty, was one of the minor causes of the Revolution. We have often read the evidence of this case, and feel convinced that the Parliament of Paris arrived at a correct conclusion, that Marie Antoinette was completely innocent, that the Cardinal de Rohan was a conceited dupe, and that Lamotte was the guilty party. The main facts, we believe, were as follows: In the spring of 1784, Lamotte, who had had many opportunities of hanging about the skirts of the Court, had become the Cardinal de Rohan's mistress, and had thus been made acquainted with his anxiety to regain the favour of Marie Antoinette, long forfeited by his conduct at Vienna. In this she thought she perceived a way to advance indirectly her own interests; and, accordingly, feigning an intimacy with royalty, which had not any foundation in fact, she deceived the Cardinal into the notion that she could be his intercessor with the Queen; and through the medium of a forged correspondence she carried on the delusion so far that De Rohan believed in a complete reconciliation. Then followed libertine hopes and aspirations, which Lamotte found it necessary to gratify by contriving the celebrated scene at Versailles in August, 1784, in which a prostitute of the name of Oliva was made at midnight to personate the Queen, and to give the kneeling Cardinal a rose as a pledge of warmer and closer favours. De Rohan's passion being now aroused, Lamotte persuaded him that his best means of securing the love of Marie Antoinette was to purchase for her a diamond necklace of extraordinary beauty and value, which it was known she had exceedingly admired, but which she had repeatedly declined,—the object of the intrigue being, through the medium of her amorous dupe, to gain the ornament for herself, and thus to assure her own fortunes.

The Cardinal fell into the snare, and in January, 1785, Lamotte handed him a forged order, signed "Marie Antoinette de France," which consented to the purchase of the necklace on his credit, for the use of the Queen, the money, which came to an enormous sum, to be gradually paid by instalments, and the Cardinal to be the ostensible buyer. On this order, the Court jeweller made over the necklace to De Rohan, who brought it at night to the Palace at Versailles, where it was received by a man in livery, who appeared to be the Queen's valet, but who, we believe, was a tool of Lamotte's, the Queen being ignorant of the whole transaction. Through this agent, Lamotte became the possessor of a vast source of wealth; and having been previously very poor, she suddenly showed all the signs of riches, and, as was proved beyond dispute, she disposed of a number of diamonds in England, some of which were of considerable value.

Meantime, the jewellers, who, it would seem, had had some scruples about the bargain, applied to De Rohan to ascertain if he had had orders from the Queen directly, to which he gave an explicit assent; and upon this they wrote in June a respectful letter to Marie Antoinette, congratulating her on being "the owner of the most magnificent *parure* in Europe." To this letter, which she received in the evening in the presence of her ladies, the Queen unfortunately gave no attention; the only witness who has narrated the scene declaring that she just glanced at it, and threw it carelessly into the fire without a single word of comment. In a few weeks afterwards, in July, 1785, the jewellers applied for their first instalment, whereupon the Queen repudiated the claim; and not only asserted that she had never had the least intention to make the purchase, but that she had not seen the necklace for years, and that she knew nothing about the transaction. Upon this, as is well known, the Cardinal and Lamotte were arrested; the cause was tried by the Parliament of Paris, with France as a critic and spectator; and, after a long and minute inquiry, Lamotte was pronounced a thief and forger, and De Rohan declared her unconscious instrument. Of course, the conduct of Marie Antoinette was censured everywhere during the proceedings, although it was not directly in issue; and while many took up her cause, many charged her with a guilty complicity.

Such, we think, were the facts of this case; and although, from whatever side we

view it, they form a scandalous tale against royalty, we believe in the truth of the Queen's story. Unquestionably there are improbabilities against it, which Louis Blanc and historians of his type have made the most of in their desire to disparage the noblest victim of the Revolution. It is certainly difficult to reconcile the facts proved with the supposition that Marie Antoinette had no relations with either De Rohan or Lamotte of a secret or an ambiguous kind, and that she knew nothing about the intrigue by which the necklace was brought in her name, and stolen by a bold stroke of swindling. It is difficult to conceive that if Lamotte was not somehow intimate with the Queen she would have thought of the audacious scheme of forging a correspondence in her name, and of appropriating the necklace to herself by means of very circuitous manœuvres, which at any stage were easy to discover. It is difficult to suppose that if De Rohan had no private understanding with the Queen, he, a practised and clever man of the world, should have been made so easily a dupe; and, above all, after the scene at Versailles, which he believed to be no personation, should have remained satisfied, without seeking any further interview to satisfy his passion. And the circumstances that the Cardinal gave the necklace in a mysterious way to a man he thought the Queen's valet, that he told the jewellers he was her direct agent, and, above all, that Marie Antoinette should not have been startled by a letter which pointed to her recent acquisition of an ornament of peculiar splendour, undoubtedly form a number of improbabilities against the conclusion that she was not privy to any negotiations respecting the purchase, and that she took no part in it.

Nevertheless, giving full weight to all this, the improbabilities on the other side appear to us to be far more striking, and, in truth, to be nearly irreconcilable with any ordinary human conduct. Can we imagine that Marie Antoinette, without taking any precautions, should have placed her reputation at the mercy of such persons as Lamotte and De Rohan, and have been guilty of the threefold crime of infidelity, forgery, and theft, with the almost certainty that it would be detected, since no means had been employed to prevent the jewellers from claiming their money, and thus exposing the whole scandal? Or can we suppose, if she was thus criminal, that she would not have used her influence with the King to hush up the matter completely, and that she would have allowed the whole case

to be heard before an independent tribunal by no means favourably disposed to the Court, the result being, as she must have known, to expose her conduct to the fullest criticism? Without dwelling on the presumption of her innocence from the antecedents of her life, taking even the lowest view of her character, and arguing on her enemies' premises, it appears to us impossible to conceive that she should have shown the incredible folly which, on the hypothesis of her guilt, must be ascribed to this part of her conduct.

Moreover, setting improbabilities aside, the facts of the case that are unquestionable point clearly, we think, to the Queen's innocence. It is certain that she was not present at the midnight scene in the garden of Versailles, and that Oliva was made to personate her; and who can credit Lamotte's explanation, that this was contrived with the privity of the Queen, in order to test the Cardinal's discretion? It is certain that the order to the jewellers, signed "Marie Antoinette de France," was not in the Queen's handwriting; and who can credit Lamotte's assertion, that this was done at the Queen's instance for the purpose of evading payment? It is certain, too, that immediately afterwards Lamotte became apparently rich, and was found selling diamonds abroad; and who can credit the ridiculous tale that this was because the Queen was afraid to wear the necklace in its original state, and entrusted her agent with a part of it, in order to destroy its identity? Here are three pieces of real evidence of the plainest and most satisfactory kind, which, according to common sense and reason, convict Lamotte and acquit the Queen, and which can only be explained away by the most absurd and improbable assumptions, these assumptions, too, being urged by the person who was forced to ask her judges to make them that she might escape the serious penalties of forgery, cheating, and audacious robbery. On every principle on which conclusions are formed in ordinary courts of justice, nay, by every rule of moral evidence, we contend that the indisputable facts—that the scene at Versailles was a personation effected by Lamotte's agency—that the order was not in the Queen's handwriting, but was procured through Lamotte's devices—and, finally, that at the time of the fraud Lamotte, who had been in great poverty, appeared to be rich, and was actually found in possession of diamonds of much value—are decisive to prove that the real culprit was this bold and clever adventurer,

and that Marie Antoinette was wholly guiltless.

Besides, even as regards the probabilities which it is said tell against the Queen, they may to a great extent be accounted for. As Carlyle has observed truly, those who do not believe that the Cardinal De Rohan could have been so easily deceived as he was, do not sufficiently bear in mind how a fixed idea, conceit, and passion may effect even the shrewdest intellect. The great object of De Rohan's life was to become reconciled with the Queen, and, if possible, to secure her favour; and it is easy to see how quickly he would catch at any means to attain this object, and would incline to believe them genuine when they appear in every respect successful. As for the improbability that Lamotte would devise the scheme she actually did, and attempt to carry it into execution without being in privity with the Queen, it may be observed that we have full proof of the cunning and audacity of her character, and that she had managed so to mix up the Queen's name in this unhappy business that very probably she calculated beforehand that a public exposure would not be attempted, and that she would escape with impunity. As for the facts that the necklace was brought to Versailles at night, and given to a man who appeared to the Cardinal the Queen's valet, and that the Cardinal told the jewellers that he was personally the Queen's agent, it seems certain that the alleged recipient was Villette, an instrument of Lamotte, and that De Rohan's observation to the jewellers was half a mistake and half a boast; and in any case such facts as these amount only to bare suspicion, and cannot outweigh the opposing evidence. And although it certainly is strange that the Queen on receiving the jeweller's letter, should seem not to have noticed its contents, this of course does not disprove her innocence, and, after all, only shows this, that Marie Antoinette, like other fine ladies, was often careless in matters of business. On the whole, although with prejudiced persons considerations founded on these facts will possess weight, and appear convincing, we do not believe that, when placed in the scale against the powerful proofs of the contrary, they will influence any candid mind accustomed to deal with moral evidence.

This volume contains a number of letters on this episode in the career of the Queen; and they are conclusive as to her innocence, unless we suppose, that, in her correspondence with her most intimate and confidential friends, she played regularly the part of

a hypocrite. For instance, the case against Marie Antoinette rests on the hypothesis that Lamotte was in constant communication with her, and, in fact, was her agent and confidante; yet we find the following assertion in this volume:—

"I have never seen this woman Lamotte; it appears that she is an *intrigante* of the lowest class with a sort of plausible and lady-like demeanour. I am told that she has been seen occasionally near my private staircase, in the Hall of the Princes: this was apparently a scheme to deceive her dupes, and to make them suppose she was received into my closet. The Duc de Nivernois told me on this occasion that an *intrigante* of Paris had made her fortune by coming twice a week to sit on the steps of the same staircase in the time of Madame de Maintenon; and that one day, having found the drawing-room open, she had the audacity to make her way in, to advance to the balcony, and thus to show that she was in favor with Madame."

Again, had Marie Antoinette been guilty, it was her interest, if not to bury the whole affair in profound oblivion, at least not to defy the Cardinal, who was one of the most powerful men in France, and was supported by many of the nobility. It was her interest to concur with him in his confession that he had been made a dupe, and to accept the judgment of the Parliament of Paris as the true account of the whole business. Yet we find her doing exactly the reverse, in the haughty consciousness of indignant innocence:—

"The gossip of the public seems to be more favorable to the Cardinal than it was at first; and the Lieutenant of the Palace has informed the King that he is considered rather a fool than a rogue. How can rational beings adopt this view and believe in his assertions that are contrary to common sense? Is it not an impudent falsehood—his invention of a mysterious interview, in which he recognized me in the person of a creature who presented him a rose? . . . I need not tell you, my dear sister, what indignation I felt at the conduct of the Parliament of Paris; it is a frightful insult, and I am truly unhappy. What! a man who could have the audacity to lend himself to that infamous scene—who could suppose that he had had an assignation with a Queen of France, the wife of his Sovereign—that she had given him a rose, and allowed him to fall at her feet,—he is not to be accounted a criminal, he has only been mistaken. It is odious and revolting."

The affair of the necklace ended in 1786; and three years afterwards the States-General had met, and become the precursors of the Revolution. This assemblage of the representatives of France disclosed the lamentable feebleness of the Government, the

decay and abuses of the institutions which had been the supports of the Feudal Monarchy, the perilous state of public opinion alike innovating and inexperienced, the elements of discord fermenting in the nation, and the misery and passion of the mass of the People. After a few weak and undignified struggles, Louis XVI. gave up all resistance, and, abandoned by the majority of the *noblesse*, acquiesced in a series of changes which really wrenched the sceptre from his hands, and laid the Monarchy open to its enemies. Then followed, under the name of reforms, the sudden collapse of the Laws and Usages which had formed the order of Things in France; and the attempt by the Constituent Assembly to elevate upon the ruins of the Past a new policy and arrangement of society, devised without any knowledge of government, and unsustained by traditional reverence. Over the shattered wreck of the fallen *régime* the Spirit of Revolution and Anarchy, in league with that of Irreligion and Violence, and sustained by popular clamour and excitement, advanced to the work of destruction; and it soon appeared that elements had been let loose which no existing Force could control, and which threatened society with utter subversion. The greater part of the *noblesse* emigrated; the King, tossed on the tide of events, and the object at once of suspicion and contempt, remained a hostage in his own capital; and while a few in the Constituent Assembly endeavoured to rally round his throne, and the large majority hurried onward with blind recklessness or weak subserviency, the tendencies of the nation were seen in wild risings, in fierce *émeutes*, in Bastille onslaughts, in Versailles outrages, in all that shows anarchic passion, and rends asunder the frame of society. Within a year from the meeting of the States-General the beginning of the end had been revealed to more than one contemporary observer.

The position of Marie Antoinette during this commencement of the Revolution was one of tragic and touching interest. The daughter of Marie Theresa and the Caesars, she could only think of Monarchy as absolute, and hedged round by a peculiar divinity. She knew but little of the state of France, and could not understand—but few could—how the phenomena of the passing time were the symptoms of deep-seated disorders, which had made a mighty change inevitable, and how odious and offensive had been the order of things under which they had lived to the great body of the French people. And at the same time

she had a strength of character which gave her influence over her husband, and made her the leading spirit of the Palace, while owing to a variety of causes she had become an object of mistrust and unpopularity. The result was such as followed naturally. The Queen saw in the States-General and the labours of the Constituent Assembly what she conceived to be treason to the throne; and from the first she tried to oppose the changes that were made in the Monarchy. She would not believe that the French nation were really on the path of Revolution, still less full of anarchic excitement; she fondly imagined that the scenes before her were merely the work of a few demagogues, without the firm support of the People; and accordingly, she devoted her energies to cross and thwart the Reforming party. And in doing this, her commanding attitude—her evident ascendancy at Versailles—at once endangered the position of the King, and made him appear insincere and false, even when complying with popular demands, and also exposed her to a storm of obloquy, which is still an ominous echo of History. She became thus a rallying-point and standard of the counter-revolution, unconsciously a peril to the sinking Monarchy, and a mark of wide-spread national abhorrence. Yet who, in justice, will condemn her for this, and not lament the sad destiny which placed her in such a situation of calamity?

This volume gives us an accurate notion of her thoughts and feelings at this critical juncture. Even as late as February, 1790, when the Monarchy had practically lost all power, and the Assembly really reflected the will of the Paris Clubs, and the mobs of the Provinces, she could write in the following manner:—

"You fear that I indulge in illusions; alas, I have but few! On our side we are resigned to accept a very moderate share of power; for my part I would not have made such a sacrifice to the throne: the more concessions are made the more exacting are the factions; of this we have proofs every day. I have had many conversations with Mercy on this subject, and he is entirely of my way of thinking. The assembly is the centre of mischief; its object is to monopolize the King's authority, and I think we should try to gain over its leaders. . . . In fact, the People are trying a government à l'Anglaise; their heads are turned, and they need a firm hand. Still, the factions are more divided than ever . . . and I believe we might win the leaders of the Assembly."

At the same time, some glimpses of the future occasionally flitted before her mind;

and she felt keenly her unpopularity, very different from the exulting joy which had greeted her youth in its brilliant morning:

"My dear brother, our situation is terrible; I see and feel it. Human nature is very cruel and monstrous, and yet this nation is not wicked at heart. I have had many proofs of this; its fault is an excessive nobility; it has noble impulses, but they do not last. It allows itself to be excited and led like a child, and, once led astray, it will commit any crimes, to lament them afterwards in tears of blood. Yet it is too late when the mischief has been done. You remind me that I considered the States-General the focus of trouble and the hope of the factions. Since then we have gone a long way. Every day I am assailed with threats and insults. At the death of my poor dear Dauphin the nation did not seem to care in the least. Since then it has been in a state of phrenzy, and I do not cease to weep and devour my tears. When one has gone through the horrors of the 5th and 6th October, we may expect anything. Assassination is at our doors; I cannot appear at a window even with my children without being assailed by a populace whom I have never injured. So far from this, no doubt there are many among them whom I have relieved from my own resources. I am ready for any event: every day I hear my head demanded with cool audacity."

The Constituent Assembly was dissolved, and, having passed a self-denying ordinance, gave place to a still more innovating successor. The Constitution which had been forced on the King became inoperative in his hands; the Sovereign, his Ministers, and the Legislative Assembly were placed in a state of constant collision, and the whole machine of Government was paralyzed. Then commenced a short and ominous struggle between the few who supported the Monarchy and the Nation backing the Revolutionary party; and, after some faint attempts at reconciliation, the battle became a war of *Va victis*. The unfortunate King, borne hither and thither by the violent passions raging around him, was unable to take any decided course; and now lending an ear to suggestions of flight, of counter-revolution, and force, now inclining to follow the Assembly's dictates, was dethroned and condemned in general opinion even long before the 10th of August. Meanwhile the faction of the emigrants proclaimed that civil war was at hand, and that Europe would march on revolutionary France; the Declaration of Pillnitz was signed; and the news spread that Austria and Prussia were about to take up the cause of Kings, and to enforce a return to the Ancient Monarchy. Then burst suddenly from the heart of France that cry of indignation and ven-

geance which proved the real tendencies of the nation; and, breaking away from all restraints, and trampling on all who tried to oppose them, the People inaugurated the Reign of Terror, and in defiance set up the Republic. From this moment, not only the Monarchy, but all traces of Law and Order disappeared in France for a brief period; the guillotine, as has been observed, became the only engine of government; and the French Revolution took the form of a saturnalia of license and crime of savage cruelty and frantic violence, unparalleled in the History of the World.

These letters mark distinctly the conduct of Marie Antoinette at this time almost down to the 10th August. She never was able to get rid of the notion that the whole movement was only superficial, that the nation was being merely led away by a few wicked and interested men, and that in time it would again rally with its ancient affection to the monarchy. Accordingly, under this false idea, she was one of those who advised the King to adopt a temporizing and dubious policy—to accept the Constitution, but not sincerely, and to wait until the turn of events would enable him to throw himself on the nation. This conduct was undoubtedly blamable; yet, looking at it from her point of view, we shall hardly censure her strongly for it:—

“Our position is this: in a short time the Constitution will be tendered to us for acceptance; it is so monstrous that it cannot last long; but, situated as we are, we cannot reject it. I do not speak of our personal dangers. We proved in the journey we took two months ago that we do not care for ourselves in the interests of the Throne; but this institution is so essentially bad, that our opposition alone can maintain it. We must, therefore, take a middle course to save our honour, and yet to leave us in a situation to claim our friends when the People shall have been undeceived. . . . I promise you that is the best way to make them disgusted with the Constitution.”

Yet the Queen's conscience recoiled from guile, and she blamed herself for even this dissimulation.

“We are of too noble blood to be suspected of meanness and falsehood; yet there are occasions when we must conceal our objects; and my position is such that I must give up my frank independence. . . . Yet, whatever happens, continue my friend; I am in need of your friendship; and be assured that, whatever misfortunes may assail me, I may yield to circumstances, but I will never do what is unworthy of myself. In adversity we feel what we are really made of.”

The main object of the Queen at this time was to save the power and dignity of the Monarchy, which she believed would revive again when the gust of popular passion had been stilled. Accordingly, she alike disapproved of the selfish and vehement emigrant faction, whose passionate excesses she greatly dreaded, and of an armed intervention in the kingdom:—

“You know the bad advice and evil intentions of the emigrants; ungrateful that they are, they have abandoned us, and yet wish to compel us to rush into danger. . . . The King's brothers, unfortunately, are surrounded by ambitious mischief-makers, who, after ruining themselves, will ruin us; for they will not listen to any advice from us, and the armed emigrants are our most dangerous enemies. . . . They say here that at the Convention signed at Pilnitz, Austria and Prussia have bound themselves never to permit the establishment of the Constitution in France. No doubt there are parts of it which these Powers are entitled to object to; but as for the interior laws of a country, each nation may make its own. . . . There must be neither a civil nor a foreign war; that is why the King would never consent to the entry of the Princes. The King will not have either a civil war or a war caused by Foreign Powers. . . . We must not destroy one Revolution to set up another.”

It should be added, too, that this repugnance to the emigrant faction, and to an armed intervention, was caused as much by goodwill to the nation as by regard for the French Monarchy:—

“If there were war, the distant Provinces would be in a state of convulsion; those who have been oppressed would thirst for revenge; those who have had the upper hand would risk everything; there would be an endless succession of massacres; every one would be under arms; the state of affairs would be fearful; crime and murder would be carried into private dwellings; and no citizen would be assured of safety. That is what the King desires to spare his People, at the risk of his life and Crown. That, too, is what the chiefs of the Revolution wish, especially the Republicans, who are eager for civil war. All the forces of the Powers would be unable to restrain the fury of France under arms.”

What the Queen wished, and what she believed would dissipate the Revolutionary frenzy, was an armed Congress upon the frontier, to protest against the encroachments on the Monarchy, and to rally around the throne the loyalists, who, as she thought, were the mass of the nation. She was guiltless of the crime of attempting to subdue France by foreign bayonets; but she wished Europe by a demonstration to recall France

to what she believed was its duty and its real inclination:—

"If the Powers assemble and protest against this anarchy, if their language is reasonable, and they collect their forces in masses upon the frontiers, and if no civil war takes place, there will be a great revolution in opinion, and a return to order will not be difficult. . . . It is a mistake to suppose that the nation is in the Assembly. The form of government may be suspended or disturbed; but the nation remains, and it will soon be alive to its real interests."

Such letters as these explain and account for the hatred felt towards Marie Antoinette by the popular leaders and the mass of the nation. She incorrectly saw in the movement a mere transient impulse of passion, without a living principle to sustain it, and supported by a few demagogues only; and in the interest, as she believed, of the Monarchy and the People of France she set herself to check the Revolution. They, more justly, felt the necessity of extensive and deep-reaching changes; unwisely hurried into extravagant innovation; and when they encountered opposition, and saw or suspected the prospect of foreign intervention in France, they swept away all that lay in their course, and plunged into a chaos of anarchy. No wonder, then, that they abhorred that stately and imposing figure that almost alone resisted their vehemence, and that, like a rock in a roaring sea, drove back and increased the billows of revolution. Even long before the 10th of August Marie Antoinette had been predoomed by nine-tenths of the French people; and the various slanders against her character were accumulated in a black catalogue, as evidences of her political conduct. It was she who had played false as a wife, and, accordingly, would play false as a queen; who, having deceived and injured her husband, would naturally deceive and injure the nation; who, condemned by those who knew her in the Palace, deserved the condemnation of the People. Alas that mutual mistakes and misconceptions should have led to the tragedies that followed, that in the frenzy of revolutionary violence the voice of reason should have been silenced!

As events went on, the Queen at last

appears to have anticipated her fate, and shortly before the 10th of August wrote thus with pathetic dignity:—

"My life is a different existence from what it was; it is one of daily and unceasing suffering; my health is gone, my happiness has fled; and but for my poor children I could wish to be in the grave. They will kill me, Christina, and after my death do you do justice to my memory. I have deserved your esteem and that of all good men. They charge me with revolting crimes; I need not say that I am innocent of them. Happily, the King judges me justly; he knows I have not failed in my duty to him."

These letters end a few days before the 10th August, when Louis XVI. became the prisoner of the Assembly, and, amidst confusion, massacre, and terror, the Republic commenced its tremendous progress. They do not touch the events which followed,—the trial and execution of the King; the frightful scenes of 1763; and that tragic spectacle when Marie Antoinette confronted calmly her pitiless judges, and having suffered many deaths, in the fate of all who had been dear to her, was at last released by the executioner from the agony of her mournful existence. This volume enables us to estimate justly a character not at all difficult to understand, although it has been differently interpreted. The nature of Marie Antoinette was not disposed to evil ways. Through life her moral conduct was, as we think, free from serious censure. But at an age scarce beyond childhood she was placed in a most difficult position, in which the ripest prudence was necessary; and being indiscreet and inexperienced, she became a victim of calumny and detraction. Then, suddenly plunged into the blinding chaos of a period unexampled in history, she mistook the signs of that fearful time; and, owing to this fatal mistake, went on a way which was not a wrong one in any intelligible moral sense, which, although it may appear tortuous, was consistent with uprightness in herself, but which led her to swift destruction. Her figure stands on the tracts of time, surrounded by tempests and dark clouds—an example of the mysterious truth that Providence sometimes visits on the innocent the results of the sins of those who preceded them.

THE SONG OF THE CAMPS.

Far away in the piney woods
Where the dews fall heavy and damp,
A soldier sat by the smouldering fire
And sang the song of the camp.

"It is not to be weary and worn,
It is not to feel hunger and thirst,
It is not the forced march nor the terrible
fight,
That seems to the soldier the worst.

"But to sit through the comfortless hours,
The lonely, dull hours that will come,
With his head in his hands and his eyes on
the fire,
And his thoughts on visions of home.

"To wonder how fares it with those
Who mingled so late with his life, —
Is it well with my little children three,
Is it well with my sickly wife?

"This night-air is chill to be sure,
But logs lie in plenty around;
How is it with *them* where wood is so dear,
And the cash for it hard to be found?

"Oh that North air cuts bitterly keen,
And the ground is hard as a stone,
It would comfort me just to know that they
sit
By a fire as warm as my own.

"And have they enough to eat?
My lads are growing boys,
And my girl is a little tender thing,
With her mother's smile and voice.

"My wife she should have her tea,
Or maybe a sup of beer;
It went to my heart to look on her face,
So white — with a smile and a tear.

"Her form it is weak and thin,
She would gladly work if she could,
But how can a woman have daily strength
Who wants for daily food?

"My oldest boy *he* can cut wood,
And Johnny can carry it in,
But then how frozen their feet must be
If their shoes are worn and thin!

"I hope they don't cry with the cold —
Are there tears in my little girl's eyes?
O God! say *peace!* to these choking fears,
These fears in my heart that rise.

"Many rich folks are round them, I know,
And their hearts are not hard nor cold,
They would give to my wife if they only
knew,
And my little one three years old.

"They would go, like God's angels fair,
And enter the lowly door,
And make the sorrowful glad with gifts
From their abundant store.

"In this blessed Christmas time
When the great Gift came to men,
They would show, by their gentle and gener-
ous deeds,
How He cometh in hearts again.

"And my sickly, patient wife,
And my little children three,
Would be kindly warmed and fed and clothed
As part of Christ's family.

"Well, I leave it all with God,
For my sight is short and dim;
He cares for the falling sparrow,
My dear ones are safe with Him."

So the soldier watched through the night,
Through the dew-fall, heavy and damp,
And as he sat by the smouldering fire,
He sang the song of the camp. J. R. M.

St. Paul, Minn.

Church Journal.

LOVE.

BY ALICE CARY.

Tell you the way of love? Alas
What of true love can words disclose?
As well her shadow in the grass
May paint the petals of the rose.

Its light is strange to you? Ah me!
Your heart is an unquickened seed,
And whatso'er your fortunes be
I tell you are poor indeed.

What toucheth it, it maketh bright,
Yet loseth nothing, like the sun,
Within whose great and gracious light
A thousand dew-drops shine as one.

It aimeth for no lofty work,
But taketh through the world its round,
And maketh splendor of the dark,
And of the silence, sweetest sound.

Haply that sometime you may see
A maiden in a heavenly guise,
With hands as white as charity,
And her heart standing in her eyes:

If so, you will not bid me tell
That which no language can disclose;
For you will feel and know right well,
The shadow cannot paint the rose.

— N. Y. Ledger.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE HONEYMOON.

Around the very place doth brood
A calm and holy quietude."

REV. J. WILLIAMS.

The level beams of a summer sun, ending one of his longest careers, were tipping a mountain peak with an ineffable rosy purple, contrasting with the deep shades of narrow ravines that cleft the rugged sides, and gradually expanded into valleys, sloping with green pasture, or clothed with wood. The whole picture, with its clear, soft sky, was retraced on the waters of the little lake set in emerald meadows, which lay before the eyes of Rachel Keith, as she reclined in a garden chair before the windows of a pretty rustic-looking hotel; but there was no admiration, no peaceful contemplation on her countenance, only the same weary air of depression, too wistful and startled even to be melancholy repose, and the same bewildered distressed look that had been as it were stamped on her by the gaze of the many unfriendly eyes at the Quarter Sessions, and by her two unfortunate dinner parties.

The wedding was to have been quietness itself, but though the bridegroom had refused to contribute sister, brother-in-law, or even uncle to the numbers, conventionalities had been too strong for Mrs. Curtis, and "just one more" had been added to the guests till a sufficient multitude had been collected to renew all Rachel's morbid sensations of distress and bewilderment with their accompanying feverish symptoms, and she had been only able to proceed on her journey by very short stages, taken late in the day.

Alick had not forgotten her original views as to travelling, and as they were naturally to go to Scotland, had proposed beginning with Duch reformatories and Swiss cretins; but she was so plainly unfit for extra fatigue and bustle, that the first few weeks were to be spent in Wales, where the enjoyment of fine scenery might, it was hoped, be beneficial to the jaded spirits, and they had been going through a course of passes and glens as thoroughly as Rachel's powers would permit, for any over-fatigue renewed feverishness and its delusive miseries, and the slightest alarm told upon the shattered nerves.

She did not easily give way at the moment, but the shock always took revenge in subsequent suffering, which all Alick's care

could not prevent, though the exceeding charm of his tenderness rendered even the indisposition almost precious to her.

"What a lovely sunset!" he said, coming to lean over the back of her chair. "Have you been watching it?"

"I don't know."

"Are you very much tired?"

"No, it is very quiet here."

"Very; but I must take you in before that curling mist mounts into your throat."

"This is a very nice place, Alick, the only really quiet one we have found."

"I am afraid that it will be so no longer. The landlord tells me he has letters from three parties to order rooms."

"Oh, then, pray let us go on," said Rachel, looking alarmed.

"To-morrow afternoon, then, for I find there's another waterfall."

"Very well," said Rachel, resignedly.

"Or shall we cut the waterfall, and get on to Llan—something?"

"If you don't think we ought to see it."

"Ought?" he said, smiling. "What is the ought in the case? Why are we going through all this? Is it a duty to society or to ourselves?"

"A little of both, I suppose," said Rachel.

"And, Rachel, from the bottom of your heart, is it not a trying duty?"

"I want to like what you are showing me," said Rachel.

"And you are more worried than delighted, eh?"

"I—I don't know! I see it is grand and beautiful! I did love my own moors, and the Spinsters' Needles, but—don't think me very ungrateful, but I can't enter into all this! All I really do care for is your kindness, and helping me about," and she was really crying like a child unable to learn a lesson.

"Well," he said, with his own languor of acquiescence, "we are perfectly agreed. Waterfalls are an uncommon bore, if one is not in a concatenation accordingly."

Rachel was beguiled into a smile.

"Come," he said, "let us be strong minded! If life should ever become painful to us because of our neglect of the waterfalls, we will set out and fulfil our tale of them. Meantime, let me take you where you shall be really quiet, home to Bishopsworthy."

"But your uncle does not expect you so soon."

"My uncle is always ready for me, and a week or two of real rest there would make you ready for the further journey."

Rachel made no opposition. She was glad to have her mind relieved of the water-

falls, but she had rather have been quite alone with her husband. She knew that Lord and Lady Keith had taken a house at Littleworthy, while Gowanbrae was under repair, and she dreaded the return to the bewildering world, before even the first month was over; but Alick made the proposal so eagerly that she could not help assenting with all the cordiality she could muster, thinking that it must be a wretched, disappointing wedding tour for him, and she would at least not prevent his being happy with his uncle; as happy as he could be with a person tied to him, of whom all his kindred must disapprove, and especially that paragon of an uncle, whom she heard of like an intensification of all that class of clergy who had of late been most alien to her.

Alick did not press for her real wishes, but wrote his letter, and followed it as fast as she could bear to travel. So when the train, a succession of ovens for living bodies disguised in dust, drew up at the Littleworthy station, there was a ready response to the smart footman's inquiry, "Captain and Mrs. Keith?" This personage by no means accorded with Rachel's preconceived notions of the Rectory establishment, but she next heard the peculiar clatter by which a grand equipage announces its importance, and saw two pair of coronetted blinkers tossing on the other side of the railing. A kind little note of welcome was put into Rachel's hand as she was seated in the luxurious open carriage, and Alick had never felt better pleased with his sister than when he found his wife thus spared the closeness of the cramping fly, or the dusty old rectory phaeton. Hospitality is never more welcome than at the station, and Bessie's letter was complacently accepted. Rachel would, she knew, be too much tired to see her on that day, and on the next she much regretted having an engagement in London, but on the Sunday they would not fail to meet, and she begged that Rachel would send word by the servant what time Meg should be sent to the Rectory for her to ride; it would be a kindness to exercise her, for it was long since she had been used.

Rachel could not help colouring with pleasure at the notion of riding her own Meg again, and Alick freely owned that it was well thought of. He already had a horse at his Uncle's, and was delighted to see Rachel at last looking forward to something. But as she lay back in the carriage, revelling in the fresh wind, she became dismayed at the succession of cottages of gentility, with lawns and hedges of various pretensions.

"There must be a terrible number of people here!"

"This is only Littleworthy."

"Not very little."

"No; I told you it was vilified and cockneyfied. There," as the horses tried to stop at a lodge leading to a prettily built house, "that's Timber End, the crack place here, where Bessie has always said it was her ambition to live."

"How far is it from the Parsonage?"

"Four miles."

Which was a comfort to Rachel, not that she wished to be distant from Bessie, but the population appalled her imagination.

"Bishopsworthy is happily defended by a Dukery," explained Alick, as coming to the end of the villas they passed woods and fields, a bit of healthy common, and a scattering of cottages. Labourers going home from work looked up, and as their eyes met Alick's there was a mutual smile and touch of the hat. He evidently felt himself coming home. The trees of a park were beginning to rise in front, when the carriage turned suddenly down a sharp steep hill; the right side of the road bounded by a park paling; the left, by cottages, reached by picturesque flights of brick stairs, then came a garden wall, and a halt. Alick called out, "Thanks," and "we will get out here," adding, "They will take in the goods the back way. I don't like careering into the churchyard."

Rachel, alighting, saw that the lane proceeded downwards to a river crossed by a wooden bridge, with an expanse of meadows beyond. To her left was a stable-yard, and below it a white gate and white railings enclosing a graveyard, with a very beautiful church standing behind a mushroom yew tree. The upper boundary of the churchyard was the clipped yew hedge of the rectory garden, whose front entrance was through the churchyard. There was a lovely cool tranquillity of aspect as the shadows lay sleeping on the grass; and Rachel could have stood and gazed, but Alick opened the gate, and there was a movement at the seat that enclosed the gnarled trunk of the yew tree. A couple of village lads touched their caps and departed the opposite way; a white setter-dog bounded forward, and, closely attended by a still snowier cat, a gentleman came to meet them, so fearlessly treading the pathway between the graves, and so youthful in figure, that it was only the "Well, uncle, here she is," and, "Alick, my dear boy," that convinced her that this was indeed Mr. Clare. The next moment he had taken her hand, kissed her brow, and

spoken a few words of fatherly blessing, then, while Alick exchanged greetings with the cat and dog, he led her to the arched yew-tree entrance to his garden, up two stone steps, along a flagged path across the narrow grass plot in front of the old two-storied house, with a tiled verandah like an eyebrow to the lower front windows.

Instead of entering by the door in the centre, he turned the corner of the house, where the eastern gable disclosed a window opening on a sloping lawn full of bright flower-beds. The room within was lined with books and stored with signs of parish work, but with a refined orderliness reigning over the various little ornaments, and almost betokening feminine habitation; and Alick exclaimed with admiration of a large bowl of fresh roses, beautifully arranged.

"Traces of Bessie," said Mr. Clare; "she brought them this morning, and spent nearly an hour in arranging them and entertaining me with her doings. I have hardly been able to keep out of the room since, they make it so delicious."

"Do you often see her?" asked Alick.

"Yes, dear child: she is most good-natured and attentive, and I take it most kindly of her, so courted as she is."

"How do you get on with his lordship?"

"I don't come much in his way; he has been a good deal laid up with sciatica, but he seems very fond of her; and it was all her doing that they have been all this time at Littleworthy, instead of being in town for the season. She thought it better for him."

"And where is Mr. Lifford?" asked Alick.

"Gone to M—— till Saturday."

"Unable to face the bride."

"I fear Ranger is not equally shy," said Mr. Clare, understanding a certain rustle and snort to import that the dog was pressing his chin hard upon Rachel's knee, while she declared her content with the handsome creature's black depth of eye; and the cat executed a promenade of tenderness upon Alick.

"How are the peacocks, Alick?" added Mr. Clare; "they, at least, are inoffensive pets. I dreaded the shears without your superintendence, but Joe insisted that they were getting lop-sided."

Alick put his head out at the window. "All right, sir; Joe has been a little hard on the crest of the left-hand one, but it is recovering."

Whereupon, Rachel discovered that the peacocks were creatures of yew-tree, perched at either end of the garden fence. Mr.

Clare had found them there, and preserved them with solicitous fidelity.

Nothing could be less like than he was to the grave, thin, stooping, ascetic in a long coat, that she had expected. He was a tall, well-made man, of the same youthful cast of figure as his nephew, and a far lighter and more springy step, with features and colouring recalling those of his niece, as did the bright sunny playful sweetness of his manner; his dark handsome eyes only betraying their want of sight by a certain glassy immobility that contrasted with the play of the expressive mouth. It was hard to guess why Bessie should have shunned such an uncle. Alick took Rachel to the bed-room above the library, and, like it, with two windows—one overlooking churchyard, river, and hay-fields, the other commanding, over the peacock hedge, a view of the playground, where Mr. Clare was seen surrounded by boys, appealing to him on some disputed matter of cricket. There was a wonderful sense of serenity, freshness, and fragrance, inexpressibly grateful to Rachel's wearied feelings, and far more comfortable than the fine scenery through which she had been carried, because no effort to look and admire was incumbent on her—nay, not even an effort to talk all the evening. Mr. Clare seemed to have perfectly imbibed the idea that rest was what she wanted, and did not try to make small-talk with her, though she sat listening with pleased interest to the conversation between him and his nephew—so home-like, so full of perfect understanding of one another.

"Is there anything to be read aloud?" presently asked Alick.

"You have not by chance got 'Framley Parsonage'?"

"I wish I had. I did pick up 'Silas Marner,' at a station, thinking you might like it;" and he glanced at Rachel, who had, he suspected, thought his purchase an act of weakness. "Have you met with it?"

"I have met with nothing of the sort since you were here last;" then turning to Rachel, "Alick indulges me with novels, for my good curate had rather read the catalogue of a sale any day than meddle with one, and I can't set on my pupil teacher in a book where I don't know what is coming."

"We will get 'Framley,'" said Alick.

"Bessie has it. She read me a very clever scene about a weak young parson bent on pleasing himself; and offered to lend me the book, but I thought it would not

edify Will Walker. But, no doubt, you have read it long ago."

"No," said Rachel; and something withheld her from disclaiming such empty employments. Indeed, she was presently much interested in the admirable portraiture of "Silas Marner," and still more by the keen, vivid enjoyment, critical, droll, and moralizing, displayed by a man who heard works of fiction so rarely that they were always fresh to him, and who looked on them as studies of life. His hands were busy all the time carving a boss for the roof of one of the side aisles of his church—the last step in its gradual restoration.

That night there was no excitement of nerve, no morbid fancy to trouble Rachel's slumbers; she only awoke as the eight o'clock bell sounded through the open window, and for the first time for months rose less weary than she had gone to rest. Week-day though it were, the description "sweet day, so calm, so cool, so bright," constantly recurred to her mind as she watched the quiet course of occupation. Alick, after escorting his uncle to a cottage, found her searching among the stores in the music stand.

"You unmusical female," he said, "what is that for?"

"Your uncle spoke of music last night, and I thought he would like it."

"I thought you had no such propensity."

"I learnt like other people, but it was the only thing I could not do as well as Grace, and I thought it wasted time, and was a young-ladyism; but if I can recover music enough to please him, I should be glad."

"Thank you," said Alick, earnestly. "He is very much pleased with your voice in speaking. Indeed, I believe I first heard it with his ears."

"This is a thorough lady's collection of music," said Rachel, looking through it to hide her blush of pleasure. "Altogether the house has not a bachelor look."

"Did you not know that he had been married? It was when he first had the living twelve years ago. She was a very lovely young thing, half Irish, and this was the happiest place in the world for two years, till her little brother was sent home here from school without proper warning of a fever that had begun there. We all had it, but she and her baby were the only ones that did not recover! There they lie, under the yew-tree, where my uncle likes to teach the children. He was terribly struck down for years, though he went manfully to his work, and it has been remarkable how

his spirits and sociability have returned since he lost his sight; indeed he is more consistently bright than ever he was."

"I never saw any one like him," said Rachel. "I have fallen in with clergy that some call holy, and with some that others call pious, but he is not a bit like either. He is not even grave, yet there is a calming, refreshing sense of reverence towards him that would be awe, only it is so happy."

Alick's response was to bend over her, and kiss her brow. She had never seen him so much gratified.

"What a comfort your long stay with him must have been," she said presently, "in the beginning of his blindness!"

"I hope so. It was an ineffable comfort to me to come here out of Bitteworthy croquet, and I think cheering me did him good. Rachel, you may do and say what you please," he added, earnestly, "since you have taken to him."

"I could not help it," said Rachel, though a slight embarrassment came over her at the recollection of Bessie, and at the thought of the narrow views on which she expected to differ. Then, as Alick continued to search among the music, she asked, "Will he like the piano to be used?"

"Of all things. Bessie's singing is his delight. Look, could we get this up?"

"You don't sing, Alick! I mean, do you?"

"We need not betray our talents to worldlings base."

Rachel found her accompaniment the least satisfactory part of the affair, and resolved on an hour's practice every day in Mr. Clare's absence, a wholesome purpose even as regarded her health and spirits. She had just sat down to write letters, feeling for the first time as if they would not be a toil, when Mr. Clare looked in to ask Alick to refer to a verse in the Psalms, quoting it in Greek as well as English, and after the research had been carried to the Hebrew, he told Rachel that he was going to write his sermon, and repaired to the peacock path, where he paced along with Ranger and the cat, in faithful, unobtrusive attendance.

"What, you can read Hebrew, Alick?"

"So can you."

"Enough to appreciate the disputed passages. When did you study it?"

"I learnt enough, when I was laid up, to look out my uncle's texts for him."

She felt a little abashed by the tone, but a message called him away, and before his return Mr. Clare came back to ask for

a reference to St. Augustine. On her offer of her services, she was thanked, and directed with great precision to the right volume of the Library of the Fathers; but spying a real St. Augustine, she could not be satisfied without a flight at the original. It was not, however, easy to find the place; she was forced to account for her delay by confessing her attempt, and then to profit by Mr. Clare's directions; and, after all, her false quantities, though most tenderly and apologetically corrected, must have been dreadful to the scholarly ear, for he was obliged to get Alick to read the passage over to him before he arrived at the sense, and Rachel felt her flight of clever womanhood had fallen short. It was quite new to her to be living with people who knew more of, and went deeper into, everything than she did, and her husband's powers especially amazed her.

The afternoon was chiefly spent in the hay-field under a willow-tree; Mr. Clare tried to leave the young people to themselves, but they would not consent: and, after a good deal of desultory talk and description of the minnows and water-spiders, in whom Mr. Clare seemed to take a deep interest, they went on with their book till the horses came, and Alick took Rachel for a ride in Earlsworthy Park, a private gate of which, just opposite to the Rectory, was free to its inhabitants. The Duke was an old college friend of Mr. Clare, and though much out of health, and hardly ever able to reside at the Park; all its advantages were at the Rector's service, and they were much appreciated when, on this sultry summer's day, Rachel found shade and coolness in the deep arcades of the beech woods, and freshness on the upland lawns, as she rode happily on the dear old mare, by whom she really thought herself fondly recognized. There was something in the stillness of the whole, even in the absence of the roll and plash of the sea waves beside which she had grown up, that seemed to give her repose from the hurry and throb of sensations and thoughts that had so long preyed upon her; and when the ride was over she was refreshed, not tired, and the evening bell drew her to the conclusion most befitting a day spent in that atmosphere of quietude. She felt grateful to her husband for making no remark, though the only time she had been within a church since her illness had been at their wedding; he only gave her his arm, and said she should sit in the nook that used to be his in the time of his lameness; and a most sheltered nook it was, between a pillar and

the open chancel screen, where no eyes could haunt her, even if the congregation had been more than a Saturday summer evening one.

She only saw the pure, clear, delicately-toned hues of the east window, and the reverent richness of the chancel, and she heard the blind pastor's deep musical voice, full of that expressive power always enhanced by the absence of a book. He led the Psalms with perfect security and a calm fervour that rendered the whole familiar service like something new and touching; the Lessons were read by Alick, and Rachel, though under any other circumstances she would have been startled to see him standing behind the Eagle, could not but feel all appropriate, and went along with each word as he read it in a tone well worthy of his uncle's scholar. Whether few or many were present, Rachel knew not, thought not; she was only sensible of the fulness of calm joy that made the Thanksgiving touch her heart and fill her eyes with unbidden tears, that came far more readily than of old.

"Yet this can't be all," she said to herself, as she wandered among the tall white lilies in the twilight; "is it a trance, or am I myself? I have not unthought or unfelt, yet I seem falling into a very sweet hypocrisy! Alick says thought will come back with strength. I don't think I wish it!"

The curate did not return till after she had gone to bed, and in the morning he proved to be indeed a very dry and serious middle-aged man, extremely silent, and so grave that there was no knowing how much to allow for shyness. He looked much worn and had a wearied voice, and Mr. Clare and Alick were contriving all they could to give him rest that he refused, Mr. Clare insisting on taking all the service that could be performed without eyes, and Alick volunteering school-work. This, Rachel was not yet able to undertake, nor would Alick even let her go to church in the morning; but the shady garden, and the echoes of the Amens and sweet, clear tones of singing, seemed to lull her on in this same gentle, unthinking state of dreamy rest; and thence, too, in the after-part of the day, she could watch the rector, with his Sunday class, on his favourite seat under the yew-tree, close to the cross that marked the resting-place of his wife and child.

She went to church in the evening, sheltered from curious eyes in her nook, and there for a moment she heard the peculiar brush and sweep of rich silk upon the pave-

ment, and wondered at so sophisticated a sound in the little homely congregation, but forgot it again in the exulting, joyous beauty of the chants and hymns, led by the rector himself, and, oh, how different from poor Mr. Touchett's best efforts! and forgot it still more in the unfettered eloquence of the preaching of a man of great natural power, and entirely accustomed to trust to his own inward stores. Like Ermine Williams, she could have said that this preaching was the first that won her attention. It certainly was the first that swept away all her spirit of criticising, and left her touched and impressed, not judging. On what north country folk call the loosing of the kirk, she, moving outwards after the throng, found herself close behind a gauzy white cloak over a lilac silk, that filled the whole breadth of the central aisle, and by the dark curl descending beneath the tiny white bonnet, as well as by the turn of the graceful head, she knew her sister-in-law, Lady Keith, of Gowanbrae. In the porch she was met with outstretched hands and eager greetings—

"At last! Where did you hide yourself? I had begun to imagine dire mischances."

"Only in the corner by the chancel."

"Alick's old nook! Keeping up honeymoon privileges! I have kept your secret faithfully. No one knows you are not on the top of Snowdon, or you would have had all the world to call on you."

"There are always the Earlsworthy woods," said Alick.

"Or, better still, come to Timber End. No one penetrates to my morning room," laughed Bessie. "Now, Uncle George," she said, as the rector appeared, "you have had a full allowance of them for three days; you must spare them to me to-morrow morning."

"So it is you, my Lady," he answered, with a pleased smile; "I heard a sort of hail-storm of dignity sailing in! How is Lord Keith?"

"Very stiff. I want him to have advice, but he hates doctors. What is the last Avonmouth news? Is Ermine in good heart, and the boys well again?"

She was the same Bessie as ever—full of exulting animation, joined to a caressing manner that her uncle evidently delighted in; and to Rachel she was most kind and sisterly, welcoming her so as amply to please and gratify Alick. An arrangement was made that Rachel should be sent for early to spend the day at Timber End, and that Mr. Clare and Alick should walk over later. Then the two pretty ponies came with her little low carriage to the yew-tree

gate, were felt and admired by Mr. Clare, and approved by Alick; and she drove off gayly, leaving all pleased and amused, but still there was a sense that the perfect serenity had been ruffled.

"Rachel," said Alick, as they wandered in the twilight garden, "I wonder if you would be greatly disappointed if our travels ended here."

"I am only too glad of the quiet."

"Because Lifford is in great need of thorough rest. He has not been away for more than a year, and now he is getting quite knocked up. All he does care to do, is to take lodgings near his wife's asylum, poor man, and see her occasionally: sad work, but it is rest, and winds him up again; and there is no one but myself to whom he likes to leave my uncle. Strangers always do too little or too much: and there is a young man at Littleworthy for the long vacation who can help on a Sunday."

"Oh pray let us stay as long as we can!"

"Giving up the Cretins?"

"It is no sacrifice. I am thankful not to be hunted about; and if anything could make me better pleased to be here, it would be feeling that I was not hindering you."

"Then I will hunt him away for six weeks or two months at least. It will be a great relief to my uncle's mind."

It was so great a relief that Mr. Clare could hardly bring himself to accept the sacrifice of the honeymoon, and though there could be little doubt which way the discussion would end, he had not yielded when the ponies bore off Rachel on Monday morning.

Timber End was certainly a delightful place. Alick had called it a cockney villa, but it was in good taste, and very fair and sweet with flowers and shade. Bessie's own rooms, where she made Rachel charmingly at home, were wonderful in choiceness and elegance, exciting Rachel's surprise how it could be possible to be so sumptuously lodged in such a temporary abode, for the house was only hired for a few months, while Gowanbrae was under repair. It was within such easy reach of London that Bessie had been able from thence to go through the more needful season gayeties; and she had thought it wise, both for herself and Lord Keith, not to enter on their full course. It sounded very moderate and prudent, and Rachel felt vexed with herself and Alick for recollecting a certain hint of his, that Lady Keith felt herself more of a star in her own old neighbourhood than she could be in London, and wisely abstained from a full flight till she had tried her wings.

It was much pleasanter to go along with Bessie's many far better and more affectionate reasons for prudence and her minutely personal confidences about her habits, hopes, and fears, given with a strong sense of her own importance and consideration, yet with a warm sisterly tone that made them tokens of adoption, and with an arch drollery that invested them with a sort of grace. The number of engagements that she mentioned in town and country did indeed seem inconsistent with the prudence she spoke of with regard to her own health, or with her attention to that of her husband; but it appeared that all were quite necessary and according to his wishes, and the London ones were usually for the sake of trying to detach his daughter, Mrs. Comyn Menteith, from the extravagant set among whom she had fallen. Bessie was excessively diverting in her accounts of her relations with this scatter-brained step-daughter of hers, and altogether showed in the most flattering manner how much more thoroughly she felt herself belonging to her brother's wife. If she had ever been amazed or annoyed at Alick's choice, she had long ago surmounted the feeling, or put it out of sight, and she judiciously managed to leap over all that had passed since the beginning of the intimacy that had arisen at the station door at Avonchester. It was very flattering, and would have been perfectly delightful, if Rachel had not found herself wearying for Alick, and wondering whether at the end of seven months she should be as contented as Bessie to know her husband to be in the sitting-room without one sight of him.

At luncheon, however, when Lord Keith appeared, nothing could be prettier than his wife's manner to him—bright, sweet, and with a touch of graceful deference, at which he always smiled and showed himself pleased; but Rachel thought him looking much older than in the autumn—he had little appetite, stooped a good deal, and evidently moved with pain. He would not go out of doors, and Bessie, after following him to the library, and spending a quarter of an hour in ministering to his comfort, took Rachel to sit by a cool dancing fountain in the garden, and began with some solicitude to consult her whether he could be really suffering from sciatica, or, as she had lately begun to suspect, from the effects of a blow from the end of a scaffold-pole that had been run against him when taking her through a crowded street. Rachel spoke of advice.

"What, you, Rachel; you who despised allopathy!"

"I have learnt not to despise advice."

And Bessie would not trench on Rachel's experiences.

"There's some old Scotch doctor to whom his faith is given, and that I don't half believe in. If he would see our own Mr. Harvey here it would be quite another thing; but it is of no use telling him that Alick would never have had an available knee but for Mr. Harvey's management. He persists in leaving me to my personal trust in him, but for himself he won't see him at any price! Have you seen Mr. Harvey?"

"I have seen no one."

"Oh, I forgot, you are not arrived yet; but"—

"There's some one," exclaimed Rachel, nervously; and in effect a young man was sauntering towards them. Bessie rose with a sort of annoyance, and "Never mind, my dear, he is quite inoffensive, we'll soon get rid of him." Then as he greeted her with "Good morning, Lady Keith, I thought I should find you here."

"If you had been proper behaved and gone to the door, you would have known that I am not at home."

He smiled, and came nearer.

"No, I am not at home, and what is more, I do not mean to be. My uncle will be here directly," she added, in a fee-faw-fum tone.

"Then it is not true that your brother and his bride are arrived?"

"True in the same sense as that I am at home. There she is, you see—only you are not to see her on any account," as a bow necessarily passed between him and Rachel. "Now mind you have *not* been introduced to Mrs. Keith, and if you utter a breath that will bring the profane crowd in shoals upon the Rectory, I shall never forgive you."

"Then I am afraid we must not hope to see you at the bazaar for the idiots."

"No, indeed," Bessie answered, enhancing Rachel's gesture of denial; "no one is to infringe her *incog.* under penalty of never coming here again."

"You are going?" he added to Bessie; "indeed, that was what brought me here. My sisters sent me to ask whether they may shelter themselves under your matronly protection, for my mother dreads the crush."

"I suppose, as they put my name down that I must go; but you know I had much rather give the money outright. It is a farce to call a bazaar charity."

"Call it what you will, it is one device for a little sensation."

Rachel's only sensation at that moment

was satisfaction at the sudden appearance of Ranger's white head, the sure harbinger of his master and Alick, and she sprang up to meet them in the shrubby path—all her morbid shyness at the sight of a fresh face passing away when her hand was within Alick's arm. When they came forth upon the lawn, Alick's brow darkened for a moment at the sight of the visitor, and there was a formal exchange of greetings as the guest retreated.

"I am so sorry," began Bessie at once, "I had taken precautions against invasion, but he did not go to the front door. I do so hope Rachel has not been fluttered."

"I thought he was at Rio," said Alick.

"He could not stand the climate, and was sent home about a month ago—a regular case of bad shilling, I am afraid, poor fellow! I am so sorry he came to startle Rachel, but I swore him over to secrecy. He is not to mention to any living creature that she is nearer than Plinlimmon till the *incog.* is laid aside! I know how to stand up for bridal privileges, and not to abuse the confidence placed in me."

Any one who was up to the game might have perceived that the sister was trying to attribute all the brother's tone of disapprobation to his anxiety lest his wife should have been startled, while both knew as well as possible that there was a deeper ground of annoyance which was implied in Alick's answer.

"He seems extremely tame about the garden."

"Or he would not have fallen on Rachel. It was only a chance; he just brought over a message about that tiresome bazaar that has been dinned into our ears for the last three months. A bazaar for idiots they may well call it! They wanted a carving of yours, Uncle George!"

"I am afraid I gave little Alice Bertie one in a weak moment, Bessie," said Mr. Clare, "but I hardly durst show my face to Lifford afterwards."

"After all it is better than some bazaars," said Bessie; "it is only for the idiot asylum, and I could not well refuse my name and countenance to my old neighbours, though I stood out against taking a stall. Lord Keith would not have liked it."

"Will he be able to go with you?" asked Alick.

"Oh, no; it would be an intolerable bore, and his Scottish thrift would never stand the sight of people making such very bad bargains! No, I am going to take the Carleton girls in, they are very accommodating, and I can get away whenever I please. I

am much too forbearing to ask any of you to go with me, though I believe Uncle George is pining to go and see after his carving."

"No, thank you; after what I heard of the last bazaar I made up my mind that they are no places for an old parson, nor for his carvings either, so you are quite welcome to fall on me for my inconsistency."

"Not now, when you have a holiday from Mr. Lifford," returned Bessie. "Now come and smell the roses."

All the rest of the day Alick relapsed into the lazy frivolous young officer with whom Rachel had first been acquainted.

As he was driving home in the cool fresh summer night, he began—

"I think I must go to this idiotical bazaar!"

"You!" exclaimed Rachel.

"Yes; I don't think Bessie ought to go by herself with all this Carleton crew."

"You don't wish me to go," said Rachel, galping down the effort.

"You? My dear Rachel, I would not take you for fifty pounds, nor could I go myself without leaving you as vice deputy curate."

"No need for that," said Mr. Clare, from the seat behind; "young people must not talk secrets with a blind man's ears behind them."

"I make no secret," said Alick. "I could not go without leaving my wife to take care of my uncle, or my uncle to take care of my wife."

"And you think you ought to go," said Mr. Clare; "it is certainly better that Bessie should have a gentleman with her in the crowd; but you know this is a gossiping neighbourhood, and you must be prepared for amazement at your coming into public alone not three weeks after your wedding."

"I can't help it; she can't go, and I must."

"And you will bring down all the morning visitors that you talk of dreading."

"We will leave you to amuse them, sir. Much better that," he added between his teeth, "than to leave the very semblance of a secret trusted by her to that intolerable puppy!"

Rachel said no more, but when she was gone upstairs Mr. Clare detained his nephew to say, "I beg your pardon, Alick, but you should be quite sure that your wife likes this proposal."

"That's the value of a strong-minded wife, sir," returned Alick; "she is not given to making a fuss about small matters."

"Most ladies might not think this a small matter."

"That is because they have no perspective in their brains. Rachel understands me a great deal too well to make me explain what is better unspoken."

"You know what I think, Alick, that you are the strictest judge that ever a merry girl had."

"I had rather you continued to think so, uncle; I should like to think so myself. Good night."

Alick was right, but whether or not Rachel entered into his motives, she made no objection to his going to the bazaar with his sister, being absolutely certain that he would not have done so, if he could have helped it.

Nor was her day at all dreary, Mr. Clare was most kind and attentive to her, without being oppressive, and she knew she was useful to him. She was indeed so full of admiration and reverence for him, that once or twice it crossed her whether she were not belying another of her principles, by lapsing into Curatocult, but the idea passed away with scorn at the notion of comparing Mr. Clare with the objects of such devotion. He belonged to that generation which gave its choicest in intellectual, as well as in religious gifts to the ministry, when a fresh tide of enthusiasm was impelling men forward to build up, instead of breaking down, before disappointment and suspicion had thinned the ranks, and hurled back many a recruit, or doctrinal carplings had taught men to dread a search into their own tenets. He was a highly cultivated large-minded man, and the conversation between him and his nephew was a constant novelty to her, who had always yearned after depth and thought, and seldom met with them. Still here she was constantly feeling how shallow were her acquirements, how inaccurate her knowledge how devoid of force and solidity her reasonings compared with what here seemed to be old well-beaten ground. Nay, the very sparkle of fun and merriment surprised and puzzled her; and all the courtesy of the one gentleman, and the affection of the other, could not prevent her sometimes feeling herself the dullest and most ignorant person present. And yet the sense was never mortifying, except when here and there a spark of the old conceit had lighted itself, and lured her into pretensions where she thought herself proficient. She was becoming more and more helpful to Mr. Clare, and his gratitude for her services made them most agreeable, nor did that atmosphere of peace and sincerity that reigned round the

Rectory lose its charm. She was really happy all through the solitary Wednesday, and much more contented with the results than was Alick.

"A sickening place," he said, "I am glad I went."

"How glad Bessie must have been to have you."

"I believe she was. She has too much good taste for much of what went on there."

"I doubt," said Mr. Clare, laughing, "if you could have been an agreeable acquisition."

"I don't know. Bessie fools one into thinking one's self always doing her a favour. Oh, Rachel, I am thankful you have never taken to being agreeable."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE HUNTSFORD CROQUET.

"Une femme égoïste non seulement de cœur, mais d'esprit, ne peut pas sortir d'elle-même. Le moi est indélébile chez elle. Une véritable égoïste ne sait même pas être fausse. — MME. E. DE GIRARDIN."

"I AM come to prepare you," said Lady Keith, putting her arm into her brother's, and leading him into the peacock path. Mrs. Huntsford is on her way to call and make a dead set to get you all to a garden party."

"Then we are off to the Earlsworthy Woods."

"Nay, listen, Alick. I have let you alone and defended you for a whole month, but if you persist in shutting up your wife, people won't stand it."

"Which of us is the Mahometan?"

"You are pitied! But you see it was a strong thing our appearing without our several incumbrances, and though an old married woman like me may do as she pleases, yet, for a bridegroom of not three weeks' standing to resort to bazaars *solus* argues some weighty cause."

"And argues rightly."

"Then you are content to be supposed to have an unproduceably eccentric melancholy bride?"

"Better they should think so than that she should be. She has been victimized enough already to her mother's desire to save appearances."

"You do not half believe me, Alick, and this is really a very kind, thoughtful arrangement of Mrs. Huntsford's. She consulted me, saying there were such odd stories about you two that she was most anxious that Rachel should appear and confute them; and

she thought that an out-of-door party like this would suit best, because it would be early, and Rachel could get away if she found it too much for her."

"After being walked out to satisfy a curious neighborhood."

"Now, Alick, do consider it. This sort of thing could remind her of nothing painful; Uncle George would enjoy it."

"And fall over the croquet traps,"

"No; if you wanted to attend to him, I could take care of Rachel."

"I cannot tell, Bessie; I believe it is pure good-nature on Mrs. Huntsford's part; but if we go, it must be from Rachel's spontaneous movement. I will not press her on any account. I had rather the world said she was crazy at once than expose her to the risk of one of the dreadful nights that haunted us till we came here to perfect quiet."

"But she is well now. She looks better and nicer than I ever saw her. Really, Alick, now her face is softer, and her eyes more veiled, and her chin not cocked up, I am quite proud of her. Every one will be struck with her good looks."

"Flattery, Bessie," he said, not ill pleased. "Yes, she is much better, and more like herself; but I dread all this being overthrown. If she wishes herself to go, it may be a good beginning, but she must not be persuaded."

"Then I must not even tell her that she won't be required to croquet, and that I'll guard her from all civil speeches."

"No; for indeed, Bessie, on your own account and Lord Keith's, you should hardly spend a long afternoon from home."

"Here's the war in the enemy's quarters. As to fatigue, dawdling about Mrs. Huntsford's garden is much the same as dawdling about my own, and makes me far more entertaining."

"I cannot help thinking, Bessie, that Lord Keith is more ill than you suppose. I am sure he is in constant pain."

"So I fear," said Bessie, gravely; "but what can be done? He will see no one but his old surgeon in Edinburgh."

"Then take him there."

"Take him? You must know what it is to be in the hands of a clever woman before you make such a proposal."

"You are a cleverer woman than my wife in bringing about what you really wish."

"Just consider, Alick, our own house is uninhabitable, and this one on our hands — my aunt coming to me in a month's time. You don't ask me to do what is reasonable."

"I cannot tell, Bessie. You can be the

only judge of what is regard of the right kind for your husband's health or for yourself; and see, there is Mrs. Huntsford actually arrived, and talking to my uncle."

"One moment, Alick: I am not going to insult myself so far as to suppose that poor Charlie Carleton's being at home has anything to do with your desire to deport me, but I want you to know that he did not come till after we were settled here."

"I do not wish to enter into details, Bessie," and he crossed the lawn towards the window where Mr. Clare and Rachel had just received Mrs. Huntsford, a good-natured joyous-looking lady, a favorite with every one. Her invitation was dexterously given to meet a few friends at luncheon, and in the garden, where the guests would be free to come and go, there might perhaps be a little dancing later, she had secured some good music which would, she knew, attract Mr. Clare; and she hoped he would bring Captain and Mrs. Keith. She knew Mrs. Keith had not been well, but she promised her a quiet room to rest in, and she wanted to show her a view of the Devon coast done by a notable artist in water-colours. Rachel readily accepted — in fact, this quiet month had been so full of restoration that she had almost forgotten her morbid shrinking from visitors; and Bessie infused into her praise and congratulations a hint that a refusal would have been much against Alick's reputation, so that she resolved to keep up to the mark, even though he took care that she should know that she might yet retract.

"You did not wish me to refuse, Alick," said she, struck by his grave countenance, when she found him lying on the slope of the lawn shortly after, in deep thought.

"No, not at all," he replied; "It is likely to be a pleasant affair, and my uncle will be delighted to have us with him. No," he added, seeing that she still looked at him, inquisitively, "it is the old story. My sister! Poor little thing! I always feel as though I were more unkind and unjust to her than any one else, and yet we are never together without my feeling as if she was deceiving herself and me; and yet it is all so fair and well reasoned that one is always left in the wrong. I regretted this marriage extremely at first, and I am not the less disposed to regret it now."

"Indeed! Every one says how attentive she is to him, and how nicely they go on together."

"Pshaw, Rachel! that is just the way. A few words and pretty ways pass with her and all the world for attention, when she is

wherever her fancy call her, all for his good. It is just the attention she showed my uncle. And now, it is her will and pleasure to queen it here among her old friends, and she will not open her eyes to see the poor old man's precarious state."

"Do you think him so very ill, Alick?"
 "I was shocked when I saw him yesterday. As to sciatica, that is all nonsense; the blow in his side has done some serious damage, and if it is not well looked to who knows what will be the end of it? And then, a gay young widow with no control over her—I hate to think of it."

"Indeed," said Rachel, "she is so warm and bright, and really earnest in her kindness, that she will be sure to see her own way right at home. I don't think we can guess how obstinate Lord Keith may be in refusing to take advice."

"He cut me off pretty short," said Alick. "I am afraid he will see no one here; and, as Bessie says, the move to Scotland would not be easy just now. As I said, she leaves one in the wrong, and I don't like the future. But it is of no use to talk of it; so let us come and see if my uncle wants to go anywhere."

It was Alick's fate never to meet with sympathy in his feeling of his sister's double-mindedness. Whether it were that he was mistaken, or that she really had the gift of sincerity for the moment in whatever she was saying, the most candid and transparent people in the world—his uncle and his wife—never even succeeded in understanding his dissatisfaction with Bessie's doings, but always received them at her own valuation. Even while she had been looking forward to her residence with him as the greatest solace the world could yet afford him, Mr. Clare had always been convinced that her constant absence from his Rectory, except when his grand neighbors were at home, had been unavoidable, and had always credited the outward tokens of zealous devotion to his church and parish, and to all that was useful or good elsewhere. In effect there was a charm about her which no one but her brother ever resisted and even he held out by an exertion that made him often appear ungracious.

However, for the present the uneasiness was set aside, in the daily avocations of the Rectory, where Alick was always a very different person from what he appeared in Lady Temple's drawing-room, constantly engaged as he was by unobtrusive watchfulness over his uncle, and active and alert in his service in a manner that was a curious contrast to his ordinary sauntering ways.

As to Rachel, the whole state of existence was still a happy dream. She floated on from day to day in the tranquil activity of the Rectory, without daring to look back on the past or think out her present frame of mind; it was only the languor and rest of recovery after suffering, and her husband was heedfully watching her, fearing the experiment of the croquet party, though on many accounts feeling the necessity of its being made.

Ermine's hint, that with Rachel it rested to prevent her unpopularity from injuring her husband, had not been thrown away, and she never manifested any shrinking from the party, and even took some interest in arraying herself for it.

"That is what I call well turned out," exclaimed Alick, when she came down.

"Describe her dress if you please," said Mr. Clare, "I like to hear how my neices look."

Alick guided his hand. "There, stroke it down, a long white feather in a shady hat trimmed with dark green velvet; she is fresh and rosy, you know, sir, and looks well in green, and then, is it Grace's taste, Rachel? for it is the prettiest thing you have worn—a pale buff sort of silky thing, embroidered all over in the same colour;" and he put a fold of the dress into his uncle's hand.

"Indian, surely," said Mr. Clare, feeling the pattern; "it is too intricate and graceful for the west."

"Yes," said Alick, "I remember now, Grace showed it to me. It was one that Lady Temple brought from India, and never had made up. Poor Grace could get no sympathy from Rachel about the wedding clothes, so she was obliged to come to me."

"And I thought you did not know one of my things from another," said Rachel. "Do you really mean that you care?"

"Depend upon it, he does, my dear," said Mr. Clare. "I have heard him severely critical on his cousins."

"He has been very good in not tormenting me," said Rachel, nestling nearer to him.

"I apprehended the consequences," said Alick; "and besides you never mounted that black lace pall, or curtain, or whatever you call it, upon your head, after your first attempt at frightening me away with it."

"A cap set against, instead of at," said Mr. Clare, laughing; and therewith his old horse was heard clattering in the yard, and Alick proceeded to drive the well-used phaeton about three miles through Earlsworthy Park, to a pleasant-looking demesne in the village beyond. As they were turning in

at the gate, up came Lady Keith with her two brisk little Shetlands. She was one mass of pretty, fresh, fluttering blue and white muslin, ribbon, and lace, and looked particularly well and brilliant.

"Well met," she said; "I called at the Rectory to take up Rachel, but you were flown before me."

"Yes: we went through the Park."

"I wish the Duke would come home. I can't go that way now till I have called. I have no end of things to say to you," she added, but her little lively ponies shot ahead of the old rectorial pony: however, she waited at the entrance. "Who do you think is come? Colin Keith made his appearance this morning. He has safely captured his Ouralian bear, though not without plenty of trouble, and he could not get him on to Avonmouth till he had been to some chemical institution about an invention. Colin thought him safe there, and rushed down by the train to see us. They go on to-morrow."

"What did he think of Lord Keith?" said Alick, in the more haste because he feared something being said to remind Rachel that this was the assize week at Avonchester.

"He has settled the matter about advice," said Bessie, seriously; "you cannot think what a relief it is. I mean, as soon as I get home, to write and ask Mr. Harvey to come and talk to me to-morrow, and see if the journey to Edinburgh is practicable. I almost thought of sending an apology, and driving over to consult him this afternoon, but I did not like to disappoint Mrs. Huntsford, and I thought Rachel would feel herself lost."

"Thank you," said Rachel, "but could we not get away early, and go round by Mr. Harvey's?"

"Unluckily I have sent the ponies home, and told the close carriage to come for me at nine. It was all settled, and I don't want to alarm Lord Keith by coming home too soon."

Alick, who had hitherto listened with interest, here gave his arm to Rachel, as if recollecting that it was time to make their *entrée*. Bessie took her uncle's, and they were soon warmly welcomed by their kind hostess, who placed them so favourably at luncheon that Rachel was too much entertained to feel any recurrence of the old associations with "company." Afterwards, Bessie took her into the cool drawing-room, where were a few ladies, who preferred the sofa to croquet or archery, and Lady Keith accomplished a fraternization between Rachel and a plainly dressed lady, who knew all about the social science heroines of

whom Rachel had longed to hear. After a time, however, a little girl darted in to call "Aunt Mary" to the aid of some playfellow, who had met with a mishap, and Rachel then perceived herself to have been deserted by her sister-in-law. She knew none of the other ladies, and they made no approaches to her, an access of self-consciousness came on, and feeling forlorn and uncomfortable, she wandered out to look for a friend.

It was not long before she saw Alick walking along the terrace above the croquet players, evidently in quest of her. "How is it with you?" he anxiously asked; "you know you can go home in a moment, if you have had enough of this."

"No: I want nothing, now I have found you. Where is your uncle?"

"Fallen upon one of his oldest friends, who will take care of him, and well out of the way of the croquet traps. Where's my lady? I thought you were with her."

"She disappeared while I was talking to that good Miss Penwell! You must be pleased now, Alick, you see she is really going to see about going to Scotland."

"I should be better pleased, if she had not left that poor old man alone till nine o'clock."

"She says that when he has his man Saunders to read to him"—

"Don't tell me what she says; I have enough of that at first hand."

He broke off with a start. The terrace was prolonged into a walk beyond the screen of evergreens that shut in the main lawn, and becoming a shrubbery path, led to a smooth glade, on whose turf preparations had been made for a second field of croquet, in case there should be too many players for the principal arena. This, however, had not been wanted, and no one was visible except a lady and gentleman on a seat under a tree about half-way down on the opposite side of the glade. The lady was in blue and white; the gentleman would hardly have been recognized by Rachel but for the start and thrill of her husband's arm and the flush of colour on his usually pale cheek; but, ere he could speak or move, the lady sprang up, and came hastening towards them diagonally across the grass. Rachel saw the danger, and made a warning outcry, "Bessie, the hoop!" but it was too late, she had tripped over it, and fell prone, and entirely unable to save herself. She was much nearer to them than to her late companion, and was struggling to disengage herself when Alick reached her, lifted her up, and placed her on her feet, supporting

her as she clung fast to him, while he asked if she were hurt.

"No, no," she cried. "Don't let him come; don't let him call any one, don't," she reiterated, as Mr. Carleton hovered near, evidently much terrified, but not venturing to approach.

Alick helped her to another garden chair that stood near. She had been entangled in her dress, which had been much torn by her attempt to rise, and hung in a festoon, impeding her, and she moved with difficulty, breathing heavily when she was first seated.

"I don't know if I have not twisted myself a little," she said, in answer to their anxious questions, "but it will go off. Rachel, how scared you look!"

"Don't laugh," exclaimed Rachel, in dread of hysterics, and she plunged her hand into Alick's pocket for a scent-bottle, which he had put there by way of precaution for her, and, while applying it, said, in her full, sedate voice, keeping it as steady as she could, "Shall I drive you home? Alick can walk home with his uncle when he is ready."

"Home! Thank you, Rachel, pray do. Not that I am hurt," she added in her natural voice, "only these rags would tell tales, and there would be an intolerable fuss."

"Then I will bring the carriage round to the road there," said Alick. "I told Joe to be in readiness, and you need not go back to the house."

"Thank you. But, oh, send him away!" she added, with a gasping shudder. "Only don't let him tell any one. Tell him I desire he will not."

After a few words with Mr. Carleton, Alick strode off to the stables, and Rachel asked anxiously after the twist.

"I don't feel it; I don't believe in it. My dear, your strong mind is all humbug, or you would not look so frightened, and again she was on the verge of hysterical laughing; "it is only that I can't stand a chorus of old ladies in commotion. How happy Alick must be to have his prediction verified by some one tumbling over a hoop!" Just then, however, seeing Mr. Carleton still lingering near, she caught hold of Rachel with a little cry, "Don't let him come, dear Rachel; go to him, tell him I am well, but keep him away, and mind he tells no one!"

Rachel's cold, repellant manner, was in full force, and she went towards the poor little man, whose girlish face was blanched with fright.

She told him that Lady Keith did not seem to be hurt, and only wished to be

alone, and go home without attracting notice. He stammered out something about quite understanding, and retreated; while Rachel returned to find Bessie sitting upright, anxiously watching, and she was at once drawn down to sit beside her on the bench, to listen to the excited whisper. "The miserable simpleton! Rachel, Alick was right. I thought, I little thought he would forget how things stand now; but he got back to the old strain, as if—I shall make Lord Keith go to Scotland any way now. I was so thankful to see you and Alick." She proceeded with the agitated vehemence of one who, under a great shock, was saying more than she would betray in a cooler and more guarded mood, "What could possess him? For years he had followed me about like a little dog, and never said more than I let him; and now what folly was in his head, just because I could not walk as far as the ruin with the others. When I said I was going to Scotland, what business had he to—Oh! the others will be coming back, Rachel; could we not go to meet the carriage?"

The attempt to move, however, brought back the feeling of the strain of which she had complained, but she would not give way, and by the help of Rachel's arm, proceeded across the grass to the carriage drive, where Alick was to meet them. It seemed very far and very hot, and her alternately excited and shame-stricken manner, and sobbing breath, much alarmed Rachel; but when Alick met them, all this seemed to pass away—she controlled herself entirely, declaring herself unhurt, and giving him cheerful messages and excuses for her hostess. Alick put the reins into Rachel's hands, and after watching her drive off, returned to the party, and delivered the apologies of the ladies; then went in search of his uncle. He did not, however, find him quickly, and then he was so happy with his old friend among a cluster of merry young people, that Alick would not say a word to hasten him home, especially as Rachel would have driven Bessie to Timber End, so that it would only be returning to an empty house. And such was Mr. Clare's sociableness and disability of detaching himself from pleasant conversation, that the uncle and nephew scarcely started for their walk across the park in time for the seven o'clock service. Mr. Clare had never been so completely belated, and, as Alick's assistance was necessary, he could only augur from his wife's absence that she was still at Timber End with his sister.

From the Alexandra Magazine.

THE PARSEES IN LONDON.

AMONG the types of different nationalities to be found in our vast metropolis, there are none more worthy of remark, or which attract less attention, than the Parsee. He now appears almost acclimated among us, and yet, some five-and-twenty years since, it was almost impossible for one to make his appearance in the streets, in his national dress, without a crowd gathering round him. The flat, high, receding, chocolate-coloured turban now passes without exciting more remark than the cap of a volunteer; and if any attention is paid to the wearer, it is only from the intelligence marked in his face, and his general gentlemanly bearing. The national cast of countenance of the Parsee has certainly something very peculiar in it. It has some resemblance both to the Jewish features, as seen among us, and the Assyrian, as drawn on the Nineveh marbles, yet more refined and intelligent than either. Perhaps it may be noticed that only the more intelligent Parsees visit this country, and that it is unfair to form an opinion of the whole race from the few favourable specimens seen among us; and this is, to a certain extent, true; but all over the world the Parsee physiognomy is considered remarkable, from its expression of intelligence, and all who are acquainted with the Parsee merchants and traders, in all countries, speak of their abilities with great respect and admiration.

We will not detain the reader with attempting any description of the origin of the Parsees beyond saying they are the few remains of the once great Persian Empire, that their ancestors were driven from their country by the Mahometans in the seventh century, and, after suffering various persecutions, those that remained eventually settled in the northern part of the Malabar coast, principally at Surat, and the neighbourhood of Bombay. They occupied themselves as cultivators of the soil, as artisans, without eliciting any particular notice, or envy on the part of the Hindoos surrounding them, with whom, generally, they appear to have lived in such good fellowship that, while they maintained scrupulously, by marriage among their own people, the purity of their race, several Hindoo customs and ceremonies by degrees got mixed up with their religion, considerably deteriorating the simplicity of their original creed. Although, while under their Indian masters, the Parsees showed but little of the superior intelligence for which their nation had

formerly been so celebrated, it was still latent within them, and again developed itself as soon as they came under the British rule. Finding it was then possible for them to exercise their abilities without exciting envy, and to accumulate wealth without being robbed of it, they took advantage of the occasion, and are now indisputably ranked as not only the wealthiest merchants, but also the most enlightened and intelligent race in India. Their great hold is, at present, the city of Bombay, where, at the last census, they appear to have numbered 110,000—more than two-thirds of the whole population of their nation. According to the table of their occupations, they appear to be all employed in trades requiring intelligence—skilled mechanics, doctors, bakers, confectioners, liquor sellers, and distillers, who, we are sorry to say, are numerous among them; but, on the other hand, we are rejoiced to find the schoolmasters' families exceed 2,000. The accountants and writers number 11,000, and those of merchants and bankers, 61,298; while, as a proof of their respectability and love of order, there appears to be but one policeman. Another singular fact must also be noticed, that among the lower and least intellectual employments there are no Parsees. In the whole list, there is not one butcher, barber, laundryman, palkee bearer, sweeper or scavenger. One half of the 11,000 writers and accountants, mentioned in the census list, are employed by our Government. Of the higher employments in the Queen's service, few appear to be filled by Parsees, and this circumstance is the only complaint we hear of on their part against our government. And their grievance appears not to be without reason to justify it, for, while the native functionaries employed by us are principally Hindoos or Mahometans, the most intelligent race under our dominion seems to be strangely neglected. From what cause this neglect arises it would be difficult to determine, for the few Parsees who have been employed by us, in any posts requiring ability, energy, judgment, and integrity, have always given perfect satisfaction.

Although from the commencement of the British dominion in the western parts of India Parsee energy developed itself, and they took their place among the shipbuilders, brokers, writers, and artisans in Bombay and the surrounding districts, it has only been since the last five-and-twenty years that the vast intellectual improvement, which we at present notice, took place. All classes then appear to have started forward

in the race of civilization, with an energy perfectly astonishing. But a short time since a schism took place among them, and they divided themselves into two classes the one retaining, with their advance, all the old superstitions and manners they had inherited from their fathers, the other trying to abolish those ceremonies, and interpolations in their religion, which had crept in during their residence of 1200 years among the Hindoos, and also to adopt European manners and customs into their houses. In the religious portion of their dispute, the misunderstanding closely resembled that which took place some twenty years since among the London Jews, and which has continued to the present day, the reformed party rejecting all the laws of the Rabbins, and confining themselves to the Bible, pure and simple, while the orthodox Jewish church maintained the Rabbi-made laws in all their integrity.

In their social reformation, the new class of Parsees resolved on adopting the English fashion in the arrangement of their houses, and the education of their children; and for that purpose several of their nation visited London, at different times, and their numbers among us are annually increasing.

Exactly in proportion as the reformed schools have advanced in education, the example of English modes of life and domestic manners and arrangements have worked a revolution in their social condition, while the "old class," from the spread of education as well as civilization among them, arising from the favour the "young class" are held in by the rising generation, are rapidly diminishing. The Parsee residents in London, especially those of the student class, when they return to Bombay, after their education has been finished, invariably make converts to their new ideas in India; and there is but little doubt that, before half a century has expired, the Parsees of Bombay will be as perfectly English in their method of living as ourselves.

The contrast in Bombay, in the manner of living, between the old and young class must be very singular; those who have visited England, or who have adopted the manners their travelled friends have taught them, using tables and chairs, knives and forks, and all the accessories to English house-keeping, while the *paterfamilias* of the old class, annoyed at these innovations, adheres to his old habits and notions. Perhaps the best description that can be given of the method of living of the two classes, will be by extracting a paragraph from a lecture given by Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji a

learned Parsee gentleman, at present residing in London, to the Philomathic Society in Liverpool, about three years since.

"If I say that the Parsees in Bombay use tables, knives, forks, &c., for taking their dinners, it would be true with the new class, and entirely untrue with regard to the other. In one house, you see, in the dining room, the dinner-table furnished with all the English apparatus for its agreeable purposes; next door, perhaps, you see the gentleman perfectly satisfied with his good old method of squatting on a piece of mat, with a large brass or copper plate (round, and of the size of an ordinary teatray) before him, containing all the dishes of his dinner, spread on it in small heaps, and placed upon a stool about two or three inches high, with a small tinned copper cup at his side, for his drinks, and using his fingers for his knives and forks. He does this, not because he cannot afford to have a table, &c., but because he would not have them in preference to his ancestral mode of life, or perhaps that the thought has not occurred to him that he need have anything of the kind. It is not, therefore, the usual difference in the domestic habits of a people, arising from the difference of means, occupation, society, &c.; but a revolution caused, in the one portion, by extraordinary external causes—the influence of English education and example."

Another reformation in the national habits is fast being effected by the new school of Parsees, and this is also due to English influence—the education of females. Prior to the year 1848, not only was dense ignorance common among Parsee women, but by the old school it appears to have been looked upon as tending to their moral and general well-being. The utmost limit to which ladies of the highest standing reached, in point of education, was to write detestably a list of clothes before sending them to the washerman or laundress, to understand the daily bazaar expenses, which if they exceeded five rupees were certain to pass the limits of their arithmetic, and to read the names of their husbands and fathers. These three acquisitions were considered luxuries indeed by the general female community, who were plunged in the grossest ignorance. The first attempt to educate females on the English principle was made in 1848, and was a failure. The question then remained for some time in abeyance, and was then again taken up by several persons who had visited England, but it was vigorously opposed by the Parsees of the old school,

and, for some time, with success. Female Parsee education cannot be said to have truly commenced before the end of the year 1849. The first pecuniary aid received towards the maintenance of schools for females was given by four Parsee gentlemen, who at the same time wished their names to be concealed, either from modesty or the wish to avoid dispute with their countrymen of the old school, who were still the advocates for ignorance. These gentlemen placed at the disposal of a committee 4,800 rupees for the purpose of trying the experiment.

The benefits arising from these schools were so marked, and the desire to learn spread among women so rapidly, that a meeting of Parsee gentlemen was held, and and at one sitting the sum of 15,000 rupees was subscribed for female education, which has gone on increasing ever since, till in 1858 there were no fewer than seven schools for Parsee girls in Bombay, attended by 1000 scholars, all educated in the English manner. The children are taught, exclusively in the vernacular language, reading, writing, arithmetic as far as vulgar fractions, sewing, embroidery, and the general economy of housekeeping. Singing is also taught, but hitherto it has not obtained much success. The lessons in reading are generally translations from English moral tales, and a monthly publication has been started among them, something after the model of the "Family Herald," which has already 1500 subscribers.

Almost the whole of this admirable innovation is due to the residence of Parsee gentlemen in London, especially as far as regards the education of the poorer classes. It would have been impossible for them to have imitated our national schools in India, for our English population in that country are generally not of a class to require gratuitous instruction, certainly on so large a scale, and the Parsee is not a man to apply his energies to an object the advantage of which has not been proved. What the effect of the Parsee woman's education will be on the native population of India is difficult to estimate; but as their natural aptitude and ability is fully equal to that of Englishwomen, no doubt it will be very great. In their own domestic circle a great reformation is gradually being worked out. Although the Parsee women were never secluded, in the Mahometan acceptance of the term, they hardly enjoyed the same position in the household as the males. A wife was never allowed to eat at the same table with her husband, and other observ-

ances marked her inferiority. Now they are beginning to take their seat at the table, and to occupy generally the same position as the English wife, and, no doubt, before another generation has passed away, the custom will become general.

On one subject alone we regret to say the Parsee community have not profited by their connection with the English; we allude to religion. We are not aware of any converts having been made to Christianity, and this is the more astonishing when we consider the natural, high intelligence of the people. At the same time, many efforts have been made by them towards the purification of their religion, cleansing it from many of the Hindoo practices which had crept in among them during their residence in India. The original religion of the Parsees appear to be a pure Deism, as a few extracts from their catechism at the termination of their *Khordeh Avesta*, or collection of prayers, will show. This catechism was composed about twenty-five years since. It is headed, A few questions and answers to acquaint the children of the Holy Zarthosti community with the subject of the Mazdiachna religion (i.e. the worship of God).

"*Ques.*—Whom do we, the Zarthosti community, believe in?

Ans.—We believe in only one God, and do not believe in any besides him.

Ques.—Who is that one God?

Ans.—The God who created the heavens, the earth, the angels, the stars, the sun, the moon, the fire, the water, or all the four elements, and all things in the two worlds; that God we believe in—Him we invoke and Him we adore.

Ques.—Do we not believe in any other God?

Ans.—Whosoever believes in any other God but this is an infidel, and shall suffer the punishment of Hell.

Ques.—What is the form of our God?

Ans.—Our God has neither face nor form, colour nor shape, nor fixed place. There is no other like Him; he is Himself, singly, such a glory that we cannot describe Him, nor our mind comprehend Him.

Ques.—What is our religion?

Ans.—Our religion is "worship of God."

Ques.—Whence did we receive our religion?

Ans.—From God's true prophet, the true Zurthost (Zoroaster). He brought the religion for us from God.

Ques.—Where should I turn my face when worshipping the Holy Hormuzd (God)?

Ans.—We should worship the holy, just Hormuzd with our face towards some of his creations of light, and glory, and brightness.

Ques.—What are those things?

Ans.—Such as the sun, the moon, the stars, the fire, water, and such things of glory. To such things we should turn our face because God has bestowed upon them a small spark of his true glory, and they are therefore more exalted in the creation and fit to be our "Kibleh" (representing this power and glory).

Ques.—Among the creation of Hormuzd, which is the most exalted, and which is the lowest?

Ans.—The great prophet is the most exalted, and that prophet is the excellent Zurthost,—none is higher than he, the height of dignity culminates in him because he is the most honoured and beloved of God. The servant of all is iron.

Ques.—If we commit any sin will our prophet save us?

Ans.—Never commit any sin under that faith, because our prophet, our guide to the right path, has distinctly commanded, you shall receive according to what you do. Your deeds will determine your return to the outer world. If you do virtuous and pious actions, your reward shall be heaven. If you sin and do wicked things your reward shall be hell. There is none, save God, that can save you from the consequences of your sins. If any one commit a sin under the belief that he can be saved by somebody, both the deceiver as well as the deceived shall be damned to the day of "Rastà Khez" (the day of the end of this world). If you repent your sins and reform, and if the great Judge consider you worthy of pardon, or would be merciful to you, He alone can and will save you.

Ques.—Why are God and his prophet addressed in the rude singular "thou," instead of the polite plural "you?"

Ans.—Because God is only *one* and there is none like Him, and there is only *one* prophet.

Ques.—What are those things by which man is blessed and benefited?

Ans.—To do virtuous deeds, to give in charity, to be kind, to be humble, to speak sweet words, to wish good to others, to have a clear heart, to acquire learning, to speak the truth, to suppress anger, to be patient and contented, to be friendly, to feel shame, to pay due respect to the old and young, to be pious, to respect our parents and teachers. All these are the friends of the good men and enemies of the bad men.

Ques.—What are those things by which man is lost or degraded?

Ans.—To tell untruths, to steal, to gamble, to commit treachery, to abuse, to be angry, to wish ill to another, to be proud, to mock, to be idle, to slander, to be avaricious, to take what is another's property, to be revengeful, unclean, envious, to be superstitious, and to do any other wicked action. These are all the friends of the wicked and the enemies of the virtuous."

Governed by such a religious and moral code as that from which we have extracted the above, the Parsees ought not to be called idolaters. The title by which they are generally known, that of fire-worshippers, is utterly erroneous. True, they hold the sun, as well as fire, in great veneration, but not more so than the majority of so-called Christians hold their altar. They look upon the sun, not only as the purest of created objects, but, by its warmth, the great vivifying principle of nature as well. Their fire temples are only typical of its greatness. Should, however, neither the sun or fire be visible at the time a Parsee offers up his prayers, either of the other elements, or a portion of one, will do as well. A few days since, when conversing with a learned Parsee on the subject, he informed us that, although a Parsee would prefer worshipping with his face turned towards the sun, or in a fire temple, his prayers are equally efficacious in his own chamber. The respect they show to fire is extraordinary; no Parsee will blow out a candle, considering anything from the mouth as defiling, and for the same reason none of them smoke tobacco, and in this respect those resident among us in England, even of the most liberal, are equally strict with their countrymen in India.

Judging from the extracts we have given, the Parsee religion would appear of excessive simplicity, but this is hardly the case in the present day, whatever it might have been in the time of Zoroaster. As we before stated, from their long residence in India, a number of Hindoo superstitions appear to have crept in, and it is now difficult to determine, in consequence of the destruction of many of their religious books when driven out of Persia, what are Hindoo and what are Parsee ceremonies. But amidst all the changes which have taken place, the Parsees have always refused to practise idolatry, and have resolutely remained true to their God.

The young class, although they have wonderfully succeeded in changing the manners and customs of their nation, have not

had equal success in cleansing their religion from its Hindoo interpolations. Nor is this much to be wondered at, when it is taken into consideration that the priesthood, as a body, have set their faces against any alteration. The reformers, however, have already commenced several changes for the better. The first thing they attacked was the treatment of women in child-bed and the ceremonies attendant on naming the child. These are so absurd that it appears wonderful that so intellectual a nation as the Parsees could have submitted to them so long.

When a Parsee lady is confined, she has perhaps the worst part of the house allotted to her, generally on the lowest basement floor. Sometimes she has a separate room, but usually only a corner, with a thick canvas screen around her, and a movable flap for the midwife and nurse to enter — she there remains for forty days. The ceremony of naming the child is also exceedingly objectionable. All these observances the reformers are abolishing rapidly, and with every prospect of success, and customs far more in accordance with our English ideas of propriety are taking their place. In their marriages, too, the reformers are working hard to do away the practice of betrothal at an early age, and there is but little doubt that, in the end, it will be accomplished.

Before quitting the subject of the Parsee religion, it may be remarked that many of their observances (especially those of pure Parsee origin) closely resemble several of those found in the Book of Leviticus, especially the eleventh chapter. These claimed the attention of Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, whose name we have already quoted. The meats which are lawful and unlawful for them to eat strangely agree with those of the Jews, with the exception of beef, which the Parsees have evidently taken from the Hindoos. Also many of their observances perfectly agree with the 12th, 15th, and 18th chapters of the same book. In their more ancient prayers are many sentences which might almost be considered translations from the Book of Psalms. The investigation of this question, although far beyond our limits, would afford an admirable subject for a magazine article, as there is but little doubt, by pursuing the matter farther, the original religion of Zoroaster would present many other strong affinities with that of the Jews.

We will now return to the more immediate object of our paper, — the Parsees in London. They are almost all, without ex-

ception, more or less members of the young or reforming class. As merchants, and there are no fewer than eight mercantile firms among them, they take a very high standing; indeed, it would be difficult to mention names more honoured or esteemed. They are noted for their great honesty and shrewdness; and in the mercantile community they pass, not only here, but in every part of the globe in which they may be located, as men of the strictest integrity. The enormous amount of their transactions may be imagined when we say that many of their firms have their branches in almost every city of trading importance in Asia. The celebrated firm of "Cama" have branches in Bombay, Calcutta, Penang, Singapore, Shanghai, Canton, and Hong Kong, and are about establishing another in New York.

As Englishmen, there is, perhaps, nothing we have more right to be proud of in our Indian administration than the development of the Parsee character, for, without a particle of self-laudation, we may justly attribute it to English example. Nor is this claimed by us without admission on the part of the Parsees themselves. To the advance in the status of women they especially admit it, not simply regarding the education of women, and their rise in the community to their proper position in society as an act of gallantry, but for the value, in a religious and moral point of view, to be derived from it. Their religious reformers justly look forward to the effect the education of women will have in forming the minds of children, and thereby clearing the path for the abolition of many of the absurd Hindoo superstitions which have stolen insensibly into their religion. Many of the wealthy Parsees, both in Calcutta and Bombay, have English governesses in their establishments; and there is little doubt that in a few years Parsee ladies will be far more frequent visitors in London than they are at present. For the men, there appears to be no limit to their energy and ability in every walk in life. Not only are they among the most honourable and wealthy merchants and bankers in the world, but in the useful arts they are taking an equally high standing. Their skill in ship-building is as great as our own, and for the last half-century the Government dockyards in Bombay have been under the superintendence of Parsees. Lately they have turned their attention to railway engineering, and with a success quite equal to their other efforts. One Parsee engineer, in 1863, was employing on one line of railway no fewer than seventeen thousand workmen, his superintendents be-

ing all Englishmen. And yet the whole remaining population of this formerly great nation, spread, as it is, over the globe, scarcely exceeds that of the parish of Bethnal Green. At the most liberal computation their numbers do not exceed 150,000. Again, fifty years since their wealth did not exceed that of the parish we have named, and their civilization was certainly inferior to it.

But the most astonishing feature in the Parsee character is their wonderful benevolence. In charitable actions and good works, they are, certainly, in proportion to their means, in advance of all other people. Again, their charities are of the most Catholic description. No matter whether the distressed be Christian or Pagan, Jew, Turk, or Infidel, their ready hand is open to all. Some of their charities are so vast that we should almost be afraid to quote them, without naming our authorities. From a work published by Dosabhoj Framjee, it appears the charities and gratuitous assistance given to good works by Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, in his lifetime, exceeded £221,000. Many thousand pounds of the amount were given to purely Christian institutions. To the natives of India, of all castes and religions, he was most liberal. In money, grain, and clothes, he gave to the sufferers, by a great fire in Surat, £3,000. To schools he was also most munificent. Towards the endowment of the Parsee Benevolent Institution in Bombay, for the education of poor Parsee children, he contributed at one gift, £4,400. Framjee Nusserwanjee, Esq., is equally liberal; he was one of the first to take up the question of female education. Mr. Cowasjee Jehanjeer is also celebrated for his charity. A few years since he contributed £3,000 toward a fund for relieving

indigent Parsees. The late Mr. Jeejeebhoy Dadabhoj set apart, in his will, £20,000 to such charitable uses as his executors thought proper. His son promises to be equally liberal. On the death of the late Nusserwanjee Munchjee Cama, his sons voluntarily set apart £12,500 for different charitable institutions. No Parsee is ever allowed to come upon the general public for assistance. There is not a single Parsee pauper in Bombay.

The *Times of India*, January 7th, 1863, publishes some of the Parsee charities of the previous year. In this list, Mr. Cowasjee Jehanghier has subscribed nearly £60,000, and of these £10,000 was for the native hospital at Surat. Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, among other donations and charities, has given £10,000 toward the Poona College. Another gentleman £10,000 towards education in Guzerat. Many others, have been equally liberal. The house of Cama, the same year, subscribed towards London charities and educational endowments nearly ten thousand pounds.

It must be clearly understood that we have not quoted a fourth of the names mentioned in the *Times of India*, we have merely abstracted a few as specimens of the whole. For their charities in 1864 we have not yet an accurate account, but they appear to have been equally liberal. One fact, however, we must mention, although it is likely to call up a blush on the faces of those who profess, and call themselves Christians. The contributions of the Parsee merchants towards relieving the distress caused by the terrible cyclone which lately visited Calcutta, were more than double those of the English and Hindoo Mahometan merchants put together.

ORIGIN OF THE MISSIONARY HYMN, "FROM GREENLAND'S IGY MOUNTAINS."—"Bishop Heber, then rector of Hodvet, married the daughter of Dean Shepley, rector of Wrenham, in North Wales. On a certain Saturday, he came to the house of his father-in-law, to remain over Sunday, and preach in the morning the first sermon ever preached in that church for the Church Missionary Society. As they sat conversing after dinner in the evening, the Dean said to Heber, 'Now, as you are a poet, suppose you write a hymn for the service to-morrow morning.' Immediately he took pen, ink and paper, and wrote that hymn, which, had he

written nothing else, would have immortalized him. He read it to the Dean, and said, 'Will that do?'—'Ay,' he replied, 'and we will have it printed and distributed in the pews, that the people may sing it after the sermon.'—'But,' said Heber, 'to what tune will it go?'—'Oh,' he added, 'it will go to, "'Twas when the seas were roaring." And so he wrote in the corner, at the top of the page, "'Twas when the seas were roaring.' The hymn was printed accordingly. Thus suddenly, and by the nearest accident, did the Church receive from the poet's pen her greatest missionary hymn."

From the Saturday Review.

MADAME ROLAND.

MADAME ROLAND'S Memoirs present an almost unequalled combination of historical and biographical interest. With the sole exception of Maria Antoinette, she was the only woman who took a prominent part in the French Revolution; for Charlotte Corday occupied but a few days in her passage from utter obscurity to the scaffold, and of the hateful furies who haunted the tribunes of the Convention and the neighborhood of the guillotine, the infamous Théroigne has alone, by some accident, escaped total oblivion. The influence which Madame Roland exercised over the Girondists curiously illustrated the feminine element of a single-minded, self-satisfied, and impracticable party. The Egeria — or, as her enemies calumniously called her, the Aspasia — of the Gironde was perhaps the most clear-sighted member of a society which resembled a sect rather than a political faction. Her memoirs illustrated by the reminiscences of many admiring contemporaries, explain and excuse the devotion of her friends by recording her brilliant intellect, her lofty character, and her heroic courage. It was well that an extraordinary woman should supply a crucial proof of the essential unfitness of her sex for the management of public affairs. Far surpassing ordinary men in some of the highest moral and intellectual qualities, Madame Roland was, in her strength and in her weakness, characteristically and essentially a woman. With a fine instinct of her true vocation, she repeatedly disclaims the share she had undoubtedly taken in the councils of the party and in the direction of her husband's public conduct. She often declares that home is the only proper sphere of female activity, and she pleases herself with the fancy that she was in the habit of sitting apart, with her needle or her pen, while the Minister of the Interior and his friends of the Assembly were conversing in her drawing-room on the events of the day. It would not be difficult to reconcile the apparent inconsistencies of her career with her occasional reflections on the past. Her unhesitating rejection of all sympathy with the pretensions which have since been called the rights of women is sufficiently explained by her own acuteness and by her personal experience. No franchise or competency for public functions had been required to enable her to guide her dull and pompous husband, or to excite and control the young and sociable orators who were equally enthusiastic in their faith

in the Republic and in admiration for their graceful and eloquent hostess. Madame Roland keenly enjoyed the applause which she commanded on the single occasion of her appearance at the bar of the Convention; but, if she could have chosen between direct action and the office of inspiration, she would not have hesitated to prefer the virtual direction of her party to immediate participation in the contests of the tribune. Her frequent expressions of longing for a different form of enjoyment receive full explanation in her autobiography.

The spirit with which Madame Roland recalls the experiences of her childhood and her uneventful youth nearly approaches to genius. It is, indeed, astonishing that any woman should have thought it necessary to preserve some of the details which are gratuitously introduced, but her candour, if it is sometimes wantonly offensive is never immoral. The promiscuous and undirected reading which had formed almost her sole education was not calculated to produce scrupulous delicacy or refinement, and her unbounded admiration of Rousseau probably accounts for her readiness to imitate the grossness of the *Confessions*, although she had no weaknesses of her own to acknowledge. Her remarkable self-control belonged to the essence of her character, and it consequently survived the strong religious impressions with which it was originally associated. She may be implicitly trusted when she acquits herself of all improprieties of conduct, even where her feelings were most deeply engaged. She was, however, unfortunate in marrying a man whom it was impossible that she should love, although she always persuaded herself to respect him. In some points their tastes and pursuits were similar, for Madame Roland believed implicitly in the political and social doctrines of which her husband was an interminable preacher; and she willingly echoed his systematic appreciation of his own austerity and virtue. While he was a provincial inspector of commerce she braved the dulness of acting as his secretary, and she found her reward when his revolutionary elevation gave her the opportunity of writing eloquent Republican declamations in the form of official circulars and despatches. During the years of obscurity which followed their marriage in 1780, she devoted herself faithfully to the assistance of Roland in his labours, and to the care of her only child. The tediousness of retirement was relieved by the intercourse of friends, in whom she not unwillingly saw the existence of tender feelings which she was not prepared to return. All the members of her

society seem to have been more or less in love with Madame Roland ; but the romance of her life only commenced with the Revolution, and with their removal to Paris.

In the unreserved account of her life and feelings which occupied her compulsory leisure in prison, Madame Roland confesses or avows that she had not only found for the first time an object for her deepest affections, but that she had, with singular candour, confided her secret to her husband. Her own conscience was satisfied by her resolution to maintain external fidelity to her conjugal ties, and she seems to have been almost surprised at the grief and consternation with which the austere and elderly Roland learned her preference for another. He had probably never suspected that the virtues which his wife was constantly celebrating were scarcely calculated to satisfy the imagination and the feelings of a brilliant and enthusiastic woman twenty years younger than himself. There can be no doubt that the virtuous Roland was a tiresome companion, especially as he assumed a tone of authority which, as his wife says, was, together with his age, one form of superiority too much. Madame Roland records, with Republican complacency, her husband's celebrated display of ill-bred pedantry in attending the King, at his first audience as Minister, with strings instead of buckles to his shoes ; but when there was no Royalty to insult, she detected with a nice feminine instinct every kind of shabbiness and slovenliness in costume. The appearance of the *sans-culottes* and their sycophants was odious to her taste, and Roland's threadbare coat, out at elbows, and his woollen stockings, contrasted disadvantageously with the appearance of her younger friends and admirers. The name of the favoured rival is not contained in the Memoirs, but it had been conjectured on various grounds that either Barbaroux or Buzot was the object of her choice. M. Dauban has shown beyond a doubt that Madame Roland's affections were fixed on Buzot, of whom she has drawn a highly laudatory character in her Memoirs. Amongst other merits, she records "his noble face and elegant figure, and the care, the neatness, and the grace which he displayed in his dress, showing the spirit of order, the taste and feeling for propriety, and the respect of a well-bred man for the public and for himself." If Roland could have read the description, he might perhaps have suspected that the reverse of the portrait was intended for himself.

By a critical comparison of Buzot's authentic Memoirs with Madame Roland's lan-

guage, M. Dauban sufficiently establishes their mutual relation ; but he is also prepared with more direct and detailed evidence in the form of unpublished letters addressed by Madame Roland to her lover, and of a portrait of Buzot which she is supposed to have worn in prison and on the scaffold. The discovery of these interesting relics was effected in a surprising manner. In November, 1863, a young man brought a bundle of papers for sale to a bookseller on the Quai Voltaire, and after several refusals of his offer he ultimately disposed of his property for 50 francs, or 2*l*. A month afterwards, the same documents were advertised as part of a collection of autographs, and they were found to consist of five letters of Madame Roland to Buzot, of a letter of Buzot to a person named Le Tellier, of unpublished memoirs of Louvet and Pétion, and of some other papers of the same date, and of inferior interest. The unknown young man had found the treasure in a box belonging to an anonymous father, who had never informed him of their value. Some months earlier in the same year, 1863, a M. Vatel had, with not less marvellous good fortune, discovered among some vegetables at a stall a portrait of Buzot, with a short biography in the handwriting of Madame Roland, written in a circular form to fit the frame, and fastened in at the back of the picture. The pedigree of both these remarkable contributions to biography bears a striking resemblance to the history of the materials, which were provided for the Waverley novels by Captain Clutterbuck or Mr. Jedediah Cleishbotham. When a literary inquirer finds, by an unaccountable accident, precisely the documents which he wants, his fortune is incomplete if he is unable to explain it with tolerable plausibility. The young man of the Quai Voltaire, and the greengrocer of Bâtignolles market, have an equally apocryphal look. On the other hand, the internal evidence tends to support the genuineness of Madame Roland's letters. As M. Dauban says, they have an originality of their own, which corresponds with the character of the supposed writer. Unluckily, it occurs to the sceptical mind that clever forgeries always resemble the original, and Paris has long been the headquarters of literary fraud. M. Dauban publishes facsimiles of the letters, and the handwriting is apparently Madame Roland's ; but, again, it must be remembered that forgers are equally skilful in mechanical and in intellectual mimicry. If the letters were undeniably genuine, or if they were professedly imaginary, they would throw biographical

or dramatic light on Madame Roland's feelings. The thought which pervades them could explain her extraordinary courage and cheerfulness during her long imprisonment.

While Madame Roland was confined in the Abbaye, and afterwards in the Conciergerie, Buzot was at Caen, endeavoring to organize a resistance to the Commune of Paris, and Roland was in concealment at Rouen. Under the influence of a sentiment which is so intelligible, if it is genuine, that it may readily have occurred to an ingenious inventor, Madame Roland in all her letters congratulates herself on the forcible detention which, separating her from her husband, and leaving her in imagination alone with her lover, enables her, according to her own view, to reconcile duty with feeling. She rejected several projects of escape, on the ground of the risk which would be incurred by her friendly keepers; but in the letters to Buzot she explains that she is not in a hurry to exchange material for moral restraint. M. Dauban indulges in natural and unprofitable speculations on the result which might have followed if the drama had not received a tragic termination. Notwithstanding Madame Roland's confidence in her own firmness, she sometimes adopts with suspicious volubility the phrases of the time about prejudice, which implied any impediment to the indulgence of any inclination. The prejudice of marriage was much less popular than the new institution of divorce; and although Buzot had a wife, and Madame Roland a husband, it is not impossible that, if both had lived, the accidental obstacles to their union would have disappeared. Both are, however, entitled to the credit of having submitted to restraints which had perhaps ceased to form a part of their moral creed.

After the flight of the Girondist deputies from Paris, they were not destined to meet again. At the end of several months of privation and suffering, Buzot's body was found, half-eaten by wolves, at St. Emilion, in Gascony; and Madame Roland had previously died on the scaffold with a cheerful courage which was thought extraordinary even at a time when fearlessness had become a fashion among the daily victims of the guillotine. The abject terror which prevented the population of Paris and France from offering the faintest resistance to a Government of murderers seemed to produce a kind of theatrical reaction at the point of death. The victims of the guillotine found, at the last moment, that it was less fearful than it had seemed at a distance. Madame Roland re-

quired no stimulus to support a courage which had never for an instant wavered. Having ceased to hope for her friends and for their cause, she found death not unwelcome. She had done her husband the justice of foretelling that he would be unable to survive her. Two or three days later, Roland killed himself in the highway near Rouen, and his enemies found on his person a protest against the judicial assassination of his wife, and a characteristic testimonial to his own virtues.

The opinion of her own contemporaries and of posterity has done justice to Madame Roland's great qualities. She was a heroine, and a martyr; and to those who shared her opinions she might well appear a saint. Few women have exhibited more intellectual vigour, and none have been more honest or courageous. Under favorable circumstances, her energies and accomplishments would have been rewarded by domestic happiness, as they commanded social admiration. In the agitation of revolutionary politics, her feelings, like her merits, were essentially those of a woman. Brave, faithful, and enthusiastic, she was absolutely devoid of tolerance, of a sense of justice, and of generosity to opponents. Within a month of the meeting of the States-General she began to propose the death of the King and Queen, and she emulated the calumnies which the ruffian Hébert afterwards uttered against herself, by denouncing the Queen with hysterical fury, as the profligate nursling of an Asiatic Court. The poor girl who had been removed at fifteen from the guardianship of the noble Maria Theresa was accused, by the admiring reader of Rousseau's *Confessions* and of the *Chevalier de Faublas*, of having corrupted the morality of France. Even on the eve of her own death, Madame Roland, in a letter of remonstrance to Robespierre, invoked the vengeance of the Jacobins on Marie Antoinette, who was then languishing in her dungeon in the midst of unutterable cruelties. Like her friends of the Gironde, Madame Roland applauded every popular and judicial murder which preceded the accomplishment of her wishes in the establishment of the Republic. The September massacres exceeded all previous outrages in atrocity, and the Girondists may claim the credit of having consistently denounced the foul crimes in which they had no share. The virtuous Roland, under the inspiration of his wife, incessantly scolded and protested until the Commune and its friends of the Mountain silenced their objections by their favourite process.

Although she enjoyed the society of the

second-rate rhetoricians of her party, Madame Roland had little discernment of character. Being apparently devoid, like many gifted women, of a sense of humour, she neither felt the absurdity of patriotic declamations, nor understood the possible combination of vigorous purpose with cynical or satirical language. She appears to have known only two men of the highest order of ability, and she disliked them both. Her antipathy to Dumouriez and her hatred of Danton contributed to the ruin of the Girondist faction. The ablest general and the greatest popular leader of the time were both inclined to join the moderate party; but Madame Roland told her admirers that Dumouriez was not in earnest, and she urged her husband to insist on proving Danton's complicity in the September massacres. She had no similar prejudices against Robespierre or Pache until they declared themselves the irreconcilable enemies of the Gironde. If she had been personally acquainted with Mirabeau, she would undoubtedly have been repelled by the license of his character, as well as by his comprehensive intellect. Among Royalists she was as incapable of making any distinction as if they had been noxious animals of another species. It seems never to have occurred to her that virtuous Republicans were bound by any ties of duty or honour to their natural enemies. Madame Roland records with unhesitating approval the proposal of the Girondist Grangeneuve, to allow himself to be assassinated by sympathizing accomplices, for the purpose of throwing the guilt of the act upon the Court, and of exciting the sluggish populace to insurrection. When the Jacobins continued the Revolution after the Girondists were satisfied with the proclamation of the Republic, she was equally incapable of admitting that schismatics could depart from the new establishment.

The Mountain and the Gironde were only different shades of the same colour. It is impossible to find an historical parallel to the feelings of parties in the French Revolution; but the contending factions reproduced with curious accuracy the positiveness, the uprightness, and the narrow-minded intolerance of the great religious

agitations. Madame Roland, like her friends, was a Puritan of a special type, and she utterly rejected the possibility of salvation for those who deviated from her creed to the right hand or the left. The similarity was completed by the use of Plutarch as the Republican Bible, for all parties chattered about Brutus and Catiline with as glib a complacency as if they had been justifying a sectarian assassination on the ground that Phineas arose and executed judgment. The numerous admirers of dogmatism ought to feel some respect for a faith which transcended reason and anathematized doubt. Like the persecuting creeds of Rome or Geneva, the doctrines of 1793 have long survived their era of active malignity. Frenchmen in general believe that there was something mysterious and admirable in the Reign of Terror, and a not inconsiderable party still regards Robespierre as a hero and a prophet. M. Dauban, who is in other respects a moderate writer, thinks it necessary to apologise for the Jacobins, who might indeed have been pardoned if they had done nothing worse than silencing the garrulous patriots of the Gironde. To those who stand outside the Revolutionary Church, the murderous proceedings of its various fanatical sects seem the less laudable because they have rendered freedom, after the lapse of seventy years, still impossible in France. Madame Roland herself had but an indistinct conception of the Liberty which she worshipped in her life and apostrophized with her latest breath. Her party had always something of the feeling of mutinous or emancipated slaves, who unconsciously regard servitude as their natural condition, and imagine freedom only as the negation of a master's absolute control. It is not surprising that the fugitives should since have been forcibly reclaimed by a succession of rulers who have offered themselves as alternatives of anarchy. Madame Roland's autobiography would probably have been less interesting if she had been in any respect superior to the prejudices of her age. Disinterested, unhesitating, unscrupulous bigotry never assumed a more engaging form.

From The London Review.

HOLY SITES, AND HOW TO TEST THEM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

SIR, — At the present moment, when a survey of Jerusalem is in progress, and when the excavations made have already produced some important results, the following remarks may possibly not be uninteresting to your readers.

The great object of the vast majority of those who, even at the present day, make the journey to Jerusalem, is to visit the "holy sites." Important, indeed, these sites would be, if there were the slightest probability that any considerable portion of them were really the scenes of the events with which imposture has connected them. It is, of course, well known to every intelligent Protestant that they are, with scarcely a single exception, mere monkish frauds. No one now requires to be told that the Calvary now shown at Jerusalem neither is, nor could possibly have been, the real Calvary; or that the exact spots where Jesus was struck by an officer of the high priest, or where Peter went out and wept bitterly, could not possibly have been preserved by tradition among the changes which have since occurred in Jerusalem. Few persons are now ignorant that the legendary spot shown by the monks for fifteen centuries as that where David killed with a pebble of the brook the Philistine Goliath, can be now *proved* not to have been the spot where that historical event occurred.

But it may be a more novel and interesting subject for philosophical speculation, to contrast the mode in which scriptural sites were ascertained in the fourth and fifth centuries, with the criteria by which they are distinguished at the present day.

1. In the year 325 of our era, all the "holy sites" in Palestine (I mean those in which monkery rejoices) were as yet unknown, and in *nubibus*.

In the following year the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, arrived at Jerusalem. The old lady was in her seventieth year, and had experienced great vicissitudes of fortune. The daughter of an inn-keeper, at Drepanum, in Bithynia (which from her was afterwards called Helenopolis), her beauty attracted the attention of Constantius Chlorus, who married her, and afterwards was compelled to divorce her, on his elevation to the rank of Caesar. For a long time she remained in obscurity, till her son Constantine, being proclaimed Augustus, on the death of his father, summoned her to his Court, and finally bestowed upon her

immense estates, with the title of Augusta. She followed the example of her son in embracing Christianity, and engaged in the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, with all the enthusiasm of a recent convert.

The first object of her solicitude was to visit Calvary, and to offer up her prayers at the scene of the crucifixion. Unfortunately there were difficulties in the way of gratifying the wish of which the Empress had never dreamt; and to discover the true scene of the crucifixion was no longer possible.

The Jerusalem which Herod had so splendidly adorned had been so completely levelled with the ground by the orders of Titus, more than two centuries and a half previously, that (according to an eye-witness — the historian Josephus) no one could have suspected that the place had ever been inhabited. A new city was built over its ruins by the orders of Adrian; the place was made a Roman colony; and no Jew was permitted to enter its walls on pain of death. The name of the more modern city was *Ælia Capitolina*; and the old name of Jerusalem became so completely forgotten, that some of the first persons in Palestine (as Eusebius testifies) had never even heard of it, or knew that a city of that name had ever existed.

On the arrival of Helena, the inhabitants were principally Pagans. There were a few Christians, under the spiritual care of their Bishop, Macarius, and also a tolerable sprinkling of Jews, for the lapse of nearly two centuries had rendered the severe edict of Adrian obsolete.

Under such circumstances, how was it possible that the site of any of the leading events of the New Testament (or much less of the Old) could now be distinguished? The Bishop Macarius, however (fortunately for the credulity of the Empress), was precisely one of those scandals of the Church (of whom Gregory of Nazianzum tells us there were so many in his time) who had entered the Church for a revenue, and who were capable of prostituting at any time their sacred character for interested motives.

On being applied to by the Empress to point out to her the "holy sites," he was obliged to confess that he knew nothing about them. "Did none of the Christians in Jerusalem possess this knowledge?" — "None."

It was a sad disappointment for an Empress to submit to; and the old lady might well exclaim, "Tradimur? Heu! tantumque sequi prohibemur amorem?"

Luckily, Macarius saw his way to fortune.

His bishopric must have been at that time an exceedingly poor one, scarcely so good as an inferior English vicarage at the present day; but he contrived to make it one of the wealthiest and most conspicuous in the East.

The Jews, he averred, were the persons to apply to. Their ancestors had crucified Christ: they must necessarily know the scene of the crucifixion.

There was something really atrocious in this suggestion; for the miserable Jews, who had been excluded for so long a period from the Holy City, were the last persons in existence likely to possess any knowledge of the site of Calvary; particularly after the great changes which had since taken place.

They were applied to, and of course professed their total ignorance of the whereabouts of Golgotha. "We will torture the rogues" (exclaimed the mild Macarius), "the rack will soon compel them to confess." An old Jew, whose venerable years seemed a guarantee for his legendary lore, was seized upon, and examined, under the torture.—"Confess!" roared the Bishop.—"Confess, my good man," echoed the Empress; but the unhappy Hebrew, having nothing to confess, merely replied by his sighs and groans.

Macarius, who well knew what he was about, remitted the examination to a future day; and, in the meantime, the children of Israel, with their accustomed ingenuity, supplied all the evidence he wanted. With the rack before them, they perceived the necessity of "confessing." The site of Calvary was pointed out, excavations were made, and three crosses (which the Jews had, doubtless, cleverly buried by night) were quickly discovered, with a few rusty old nails liberally thrown into the bargain, and which (such are the caprices of fortune) afterwards decked the helmet of Constantine the Great.

The Bishop, now thoroughly on the *qui vive*, suggested an easy mode of discovering which of the three crosses was that of Christ. He introduced to the Empress a woman who (as he, good man! averred) was afflicted with a disorder which baffled all the efforts of medical skill. She was made to touch the three crosses in succession, and on coming in contact with the *true* one was immediately cured. The crosses of the two robbers, we may presume, were burnt; while the *vera crux* became a treasure which would have been cheaply purchased at the price of a kingdom.

The astonishing news was immediately conveyed with all speed to the Emperor, and was received at his court with unbound-

ed joy. Orders were sent to erect a magnificent church on the site of Calvary, which was afterwards termed "The Church of the Holy Sepulchre."

Gold now poured with a flood-tide into Palestine; to discover the "holy sites" became the great epidemic of the age. Hundreds were rapidly brought to light, all of which were false, and many of them impossible. So brutal was the ignorance of the Greek monks, that the parables were treated as authentic histories; and the spot was shown, on the way from Jerusalem to Jericho, where the wayfaring man fell among thieves; and near this site was pointed out the inn to which he was conducted by the good Samaritan, and which became popularly known as the Khan of the Samaritan. Wherever a site appeared peculiarly worthy of notice, a church or monastery was erected over it; and the Latin monks of a later age embraced with enthusiasm all the enormous absurdities of their Greek confederates and yoke-fellows in iniquity.

Year after year, crowds of pilgrims still visit these sites from all Christian countries; and if Father Ignatius and the Brompton "Oratorians" are fortunate enough to revive the dark ages in England, we may expect to see two or three little armies of Anglican enthusiasts annually railing it through France, to embark in "pilgrim steamers" for the Holy Land, at "reduced prices!" One of the armies of the Crusaders (as history informs us) was led by a goose; let us hope that these new armies will be led by Father Ignatius!

It is now time to reverse the picture.

II. Every one in England (thanks to the "Essays and Reviews" and the good Bishop of Natal!) has now heard of the school of Tübingen, and is familiar with the sort of Christianity which prevails on the banks of the Neckar; moreover, that many of our English clergy have imbibed theology, not at "Siloa's brook," but at the Tübingen Hippocrene, is a fact of which no one needs be informed.

Tübingen rejects the *miracles*, alleging much the same reasons for which Spinoza pretended to reject them; but when a Biblical site has claims to be considered historical, Tübingen, of course, is disposed, upon proper evidence, to admit it.

Supposing a site to exist which has fair claims to be regarded as the scene of great events in Scriptural history, but which in the Biblical narrative is also described as the scene of extraordinary miracles, a pupil of Tübingen, in examining this site, will apply the very reverse of that sort of criticism

which would occur to an orthodox Christian.

If the site appears favorable for the purposes of deception, so that the supposed miracle might have been, in reality, a mere juggle, from the peculiar facilities afforded by the locality — orthodoxy, for the soundest reasons, rejects the site as palpably false; Tübingen, on the other hand, fixes upon it greedily, as presumptively true.

A case of this mode of ascertaining a Scriptural site upon sceptical principles occurred a few years ago, in which two clergymen of the English Church were the principal actors. A great Scriptural miracle had been attributed to a site so peculiarly favorable for deception that, if this site were the real one, the miracle must not only have been rejected as palpably false, but the claims of the sacred writings to inspiration would have been rendered ridiculous. The two clergymen examined the spot with laudable care, and, after subjecting it to a test, the result of which proved

the extraordinary facilities which the locality afforded for a counterfeit miracle, they returned, happy and contented, homewards; and each separately, on his arrival in England, published his conviction that the spot so examined was the *real* Scriptural site.

I have no wish to enlarge more fully upon a transaction which appears to me so disreputable to the Church, but I am prepared with the details, if I should be asked to produce them.

III. Such is the contrast between the opinions of the *fourth* and those of the *nineteenth* century with respect to the proper mode of ascertaining the sites of Scriptural events. I would ask which of the two is to be preferred — the extreme of superstition, or the extreme of scepticism. Is there not a medium which (even if the scepticism of Tübingen were as well founded as I believe it to be the contrary) would be more creditable to our clergy and more advantageous to the common weal of the nation?

HENRY CROSSLEY.

MEDICAL. — No subjects are of greater interest or importance than those which relate to the production of special diseases by purely artificial means. The late investigations, therefore, of Dr. Bence Jones, are well worthy of consideration. Dr. Jones, knowing how ignorant we are of the actual cause of that fearful malady *diabetes*, determined to discover by what means this disease could be produced artificially, and, as the result of his experiments, found that the application of external cold by surrounding an animal with ice is quite sufficient to cause the elimination of sugar by the kidneys. He experimented in the following manner: — The kidney secretion of the animal was first examined for sugar, and none having been found, the creature was then placed in a bath of ice, until the temperature of the blood fell to seventy degrees. The animal died, and on *post-mortem* examination the kidney-secretion yielded sugar. This phenomenon is thus explained: — Continued changes of oxydation are going on within the body, and the results of these generally are carbonic acid and water. Starch is one of the materials which, when properly oxidized, yield these two compounds in greatest proportions, but in passing from one stage to the other, a number of intermediate conditions have to be travelled through, of which sugar is one; if, therefore, the process be interrupted at any one of them, the corresponding compound will be produced. When external cold is applied, the phenomena of combustion are imperfectly carried on; they do not extend beyond the sugar stage, and consequently this compound is formed in the blood, and afterwards in the reaction of the kidney.

A NEW MODE OF CURING DISEASE. —

The Paris correspondent of the *Star* writes: "A new system of cure for nervous suffering has been the subject of conversation for some weeks past, but the first experiment triumphantly cited in proof of its success having been the cure of a frightful attack of neuralgia in the head, by means of a copper saucepan worn helmetwise. I declined mentioning the subject. However, a serious article has appeared, which I cannot leave unnoticed, reminding the world in general of the theory stated by *Paracelsus*, that every organ of the human frame has a certain affinity for a special metal or vegetable. The Zurich doctor argued thence that, as the heart is known to be influenced by the sun, and as gold is the symbol of the sun, therefore most diseases can be cured by certain solutions of that metal; that as the liver is influenced by the planet Saturn, of which Mercury is the symbol, liver disease could be cured by preparations of mercury, and so on. Dr. Burcq, starting from totally opposite premises, has, however, invented a system of *metallotheropea*, which engages the serious attention of the scientific world at the present moment. The writer of the article states that he was present last Monday at the following experiment: — A person had been for two days suffering intense agony from intercostal pain, which had all the characteristics of neuralgia. Dr. Burcq was sent for. He applied an iron disc to the part affected, with no result. He wished to try the influence of copper. A brass candlestick being near at hand, he applied it, on which the pain instantly vanished."

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN: At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this, four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it; all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to *saving* the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to *destroy* it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union and divide effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would *make* war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would *accept* war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were coloured slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the Government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the *cause* of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God, and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance, in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged.

The prayers of both could not be answered—those of neither have been answered fully. The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world, because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!"

If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offences which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those Divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribed to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

From the Boston Transcript.

THE PRESIDENT'S INAUGURAL is a singular State paper,—made so by the times. No similar document has ever before been published to the world. It is founded on no precedents as to form or subject-matter. In this lies its peculiarity. In this also lies its worth. Both of these—its exceptional character and its special theme—furnish hints for soberest reflection. It is addressed to the public mind; that portion of it which is seriously and profoundly thoughtful. It is addressed to the public heart; that portion of it which is warm with the noblest emotions and quickened by the humanest sympathies and sensibilities. Its omissions, even in the way of reference, are remarkable. The chief magistrate of one of the mightiest nations of the globe enters up-

on a new term of service, repeats the binding oath of his high office. He speaks — through the flashing communications of the telegraph — to his millions of constituents — to a great, free republic.

Thus speaking he has no choice of topics. He may not — if he would utter words for the hour — indulge in any wide survey of affairs; enter upon any extended range of discourse, however concise in statement. He may not descant on foreign relations, on home enterprises, on questions relating to the resources of the land, its growing riches, its future expansion — questions directly bearing on the interests which ordinarily are quick to invite attention and demand discussion. He may not do this — and why? Because a subject, transcending all these, towers before him in gigantic proportions, and presses itself upon him with overpowering weight, as the only subject of which he can treat; the only subject of which the country desires, or ought chiefly to desire, to hear. And that subject — how strange and how unwontedly momentous it is — how crowded with the history of the past — how strongly pulsating with the anxieties of the present — how immense as prophetic of the future!

We call it "*the war!*" It is more than any war ever was. "The war" only interprets it, debates it, strives to settle the radical antagonisms involved in it. Summoned once more to the Executive chair, to be a leader in such a crisis of the world's life, no wonder the President was lifted above the level on which political rulers usually stand, and felt himself in the very presence of the awful mystery of Providence. He clearly and solemnly states the great issue — centuries have been making up, — which is forced upon this generation for settlement. The despised and the oppressed — the rights of humanity outraged in their degradation and bondage — for these the day of adjudication and recompense has come; and this vast, rich, populous republic, must do justice to the slave to save itself — not only its territory, its wealth, its institutions for the hitherto dominant class — but its very life. Well may the President call the people, as it were, into the Court of the King of Kings, and show them their accountability and their duty towards Him. Well will it be for the people to heed this call, and in all humility, all courage, all the devotedness of stern principles and profound convictions, understand and finish the work given them to do, to atone for the past and to conquer the grand future. The closing sentences of the Ad-

dress accepted in the fulness of their weighty meaning, and the spirit of them inspiring the loyalty of the nation, the conflict will not only soon end, but the ending will be the beginning of a new and blessed era alike for the victors and the vanquished.

From The New York Evening Post.

MARRIAGE AMONG THE FREEDMEN.

THE marriage records kept among the Freedmen since their emancipation furnish the most curious and instructive chapter of their history. Nothing so conclusively declares the existing stage of their civilization as this.

The law of marriage was given to the freed people by the Secretary of War, in Special Order No. 15, issued by Brigadier-General L. Thomas, Adjutant-General United States army, dated Natchez, Miss., March 18, 1864. By this order, the entire supervision of this matter was committed, for the Department of the Tennessee and State of Arkansas, to Colonel John Eaton, Jr., the general superintendent for freedmen, who authorized ordained ministers, who seemed unobjectionable, to solemnize the marriages of this people, and instructed them in the manner of it, and also prescribed that returns should be made upon careful examination of each case.

These returns were to be made a matter of permanent record, to be kept for public inspection in the office of the post superintendent, and a neat certificate of the marriage was to be issued to the parties joined in these sacred rites.

From this record kept by the post-superintendent at Vicksburg, Captain J. H. Weber, the facts and generalizations below are made. The first marriage under the new law was distinguished. It was celebrated in the Presbyterian Church, on Sunday, April 10, 1864, by Chaplain J. A. Hawley, Sixty-third regiment United States colored infantry, and the happy man who led off in this new order of things was a reputed son of a former Governor of Virginia, named William Smith. It was extensively noticed in the papers as a "marriage in high life."

Since that time there have been recorded at Vicksburg fourteen hundred and fifty-six marriages, before the first of November

The record is required to show the color or blood of the parties united in marriage, and of the parents of each; of course the color of six persons should be recorded for each marriage.

Out of these fourteen hundred and fifty-six marriages there were one hundred and sixty-six persons who were the children of one white parent, and three of them were children of white mothers.

One-third of all the marriages recorded so far are of parties white or partly white on one side or the other. This is undoubtedly below the truth, owing to two reasons—one is that a slight admixture of white blood is almost always set down as black, and the other is a prevalent unwillingness to own any such mixture of races, when it is not quite obvious. Whoever is familiar with the catechism of the people on this subject, which the instructions require, knows this to be the fact. The general fact seems to be that the lighter-colored mulattoes are rather proud of their white relationship, while the darker ones are rather unwilling to own it, or are ignorant of it. This is the testimony of the chaplains, especially of the more sagacious. This feeling of reluctance to answer was more apparent in the case of the children of white mothers. No greater disgrace could attach to a white woman than this intercourse with negroes. But the case was widely different with men. It was too common to be very disgraceful.

A large part of the marriages recorded, especially at first, were of those who had lived together as husband and wife—perhaps for many years. One old man at Memphis was married, with several others, one morning. No sooner was the ceremony completed than he turned and tenderly embraced and kissed his now legal wife, with evident thanksgiving that she was now, in the eye of the law and of civilization, as she had long been in the eye of God, his own recognized wife.

One old man, of almost threescore and ten, was thus joined in lawful marriage to his venerable wife. At the conclusion of the ceremony, when the chaplain extended his hand with the nuptial benediction, and dismissed them, as was the custom, in a short prayer, they both dropped on their knees together, their eyes streaming with tears of thankfulness, and at the close, still kneeling, the old man reached out both arms and hugged her close to his heart, saying aloud, "My dear old woman, I bless God that I can now for the first time kiss my own lawful wife."

One illustration of the cruelty of slavery is found in the fact that, in nearly one-third of all the cases recorded, one of the parties had been separated from a former mate "by force." Of these one thousand four hundred and fifty-six marriages, five hundred and fifty-two persons answered that, they had been married before, and had been sold away or driven away from those who had sustained to them the dearest relation of life. Of these former marriages thus virtually disrupted, there were born one thousand and seventy-seven children; and who shall measure the sorrows of fathers and mothers thus torn away from their own flesh and blood? or of the children, by this accursed traffic bereft of parents, and left to the nurture of those who cared for them as simple property? This makes no account of the children sold from parents, but only of parents sold from children.

One chaplain married 18 couples one evening after 8 o'clock, at Davis's Bend. Among these 36 were 13 persons who had been separated from husbands or wives "by force," and these 13 persons were parents of 34 children by former connections thus violently sundered.

There have seemed to be tides in this matrimonial sea. One chaplain married 102 couples in one day, which shows to what perfection art may attain, with sufficient practice. He would be "well-to-do" in the world, if northern notions of marriage fees prevailed. Unhappily for the chaplains, they do not. One received a silver dime for marrying a couple. Several times the persons have been presented with a dime, postal currency, and half a dime has been given as a marriage fee. But the strangest of all was one from a company of eleven couples married at once. A bride, more thoughtful than her evidently worse half, came up to the chaplain and said that she "had not much to give, but begged him to accept a small token of interest in what had been done for her and her family," and handed him a sweet potato! He received it and thanked her politely, and was much pleased with this evidence of her appreciation of the service.

The oldest person married was 88 years old. He brought to the altar an elderly young woman of 50—38 years younger than himself. One man of 80 married a woman of 40. The greatest disparity of ages was 46 years. A mature gentleman of 66 united to himself a girl of 20. She made sure of getting a man old enough to be respected. Three white men married colored women. One old slave-trader married a

handsome quadroon whom he had bought for \$3,000, and had been offered \$5,000 for.

From the Examiner 25 Feb.

PEACE-TINKERING IN AMERICA.

TINKERS are said to make two holes in stopping one, and of this trade must certainly be the negotiators for peace in America. Peter Simple, having lost his anchors and cables by letting them go by the run, bethinks himself of a brilliant expedient for bringing up his ship by falling foul of the first stout merchantman against which he can ram his stem. Like this is the device attributed to the South for the stoppage of the war in America. Difficulties were to be postponed, the quarrel put by to cool, and combined efforts directed to some extrinsic policy or scheme, which signifies, no doubt, a transfer of the war to some foreign field. The suggestion may have been couched thus: "You the North have a North, to which you are a South; as we the South have a South, to which we are a North; let us, then, cease for a time to cut each other's throats, and turn our arms where something better than hard blows may be got. There is a large indemnity for us both if we do not prefer resentments to solid gains."

There is a fable of the consternation of the frogs upon a rumour of the sun's marriage, and an old toad having asked how the affair could possibly concern them, their reply was, that as things were the pools were dried up in the marshes by the heat of the sun, what, then, they asked, will become of us if the sun should have a family of children as fiery as himself? And what will become of us, too, if the American war should propagate, and have a progeny of wars involving neighbours? It is best as it is, bad as it is, and we cannot affect to regret that a truce has not been patched up for the purpose only of a transfer of hostilities to other quarters. And indeed, however agreeable the idea suggested may have been to President Lincoln in its external aspect, he could not entertain it without a virtual recognition of the South for the time, which would have cut his platform from under him. And issues were, to say the least, doubtful. The two divisions are both suffering great exhaustion, and would it be quite certain that, weakened as they are, they would combined be a match for fresh enemies? They have hurt each other too

much for comradeship in foreign quarrel, and one would say, "I could have helped you but for such and such body blows," and the other excuse his insufficiency by the reflection, "this comes of your cutting off my right arm."

President Davis's speech at the mass meeting at Richmond is the worst he has ever made. It is unlike all his other utterances, at once boastful and reproachful. He invokes a spirit which is to command success, and before long teach the men of the North, now so insulting in their terms of peace, that in treating with the Southern they are "talking to their masters." Such language as this is not warranted by the present circumstances and position of the Confederates. They should hold their own against their enemies before they claim mastery.

There is some rant, too, about victory or death, which looks as if neither was contemplated, and the boast of the high spirit of patriotism and devotion prevalent is hardly consistent with the reproach implied in this concluding passage:

There was much that could be effected only by a sound public opinion. *Public opinion must make it a shame and disgrace for a man to skulk from his duty or to inquire not what he is able to do, but what the law will make him do. Our women must take broomsticks and drive absentees and stragglers to their duty. We have one cause to sustain, one country to defend. He who falls on the soil of Louisiana or sheds his blood on the soil of North Carolina or Virginia is alike an honoured martyr. The inquiry among us must be not what service we can escape, but instead of that, a generous rivalry among citizens and States, which shall do most and give most to the cause.*

From the Spectator, 25 of Feb.

THE DANGER IN CANADA.

Is Canada to be defended by Great Britain or not? That is the question which, in his suggestive and thoughtful, but vague and incompetent way, was raised by Lord Lyveden on Monday night, and it is by far the most important at this moment before the nation. The talk about "discretion" in which all the Peers in the Ministerial side indulged is, to say the least of it, a little out of place. All the world, from President Lincoln to Mr. Lindsay, is aware that, whether the Union is reconstructed or splits into two unequal Federations, the Government of Washington will, the moment peace

is declared, have the means of making a formidable, it may be an irresistible, attack upon British American possessions. Whether they will be inclined to make it is a different and quite a subordinate point. Our own belief is that if the Union be restored in its integrity the immediate temptation of its rulers will be to choose between a peace which will reinvigorate their finances and reestablish their trade and a war which will gratify the South and involve military and not maritime expeditions, that is, a war for the conquest, or, it would be styled, the "liberation" of Mexico. It is only if the North were defeated that the temptation to conquer Canada, to regain in the North the territorial vastness forfeited in the South, to spread the Union "from the Potomac to the Pole," to widen that terribly narrow strip which would then separate Richmond from Niagara, would be felt in all its evil force. But let any man of any prepossessions or knowledge of America form what view he may, he will, if acquainted with the circumstances, acknowledge this one fact, that the instant peace is concluded, the Canadas lie at the mercy of the Federal Government. That Government can invade them if it will, and we can revindicate them only at the cost of a long and hazardous war. That is not a tolerable position for any British colony; it affects commerce too much, our influence in the world too much, our honour too much, to be calmly or even patiently endured. This country cannot afford to be indebted for the security of its territories whether valueless or valuable — half a continent like British America or a sandy speck like Heligoland — to the forbearance of any Power, however great or however friendly. The American Government, as we have repeatedly shown, is no worse than other Governments, is in many respects a great deal better than many other governments, but weakness and neighborhood invite attack, and the British people are called upon to answer clearly and distinctly whether, if Canada is invaded or seriously menaced with invasion, they are prepared to defend her. It is, we are aware, a most painful and embarrassing question, one upon which any answer of any kind must leave in the mind of him who makes it a feeling of deep despondency. On the one hand, it is clear that a war for the Canadas must be a long and terrible business, in which, even if we succeed, we shall exhaust the savings of years, which will probably carry Napoleon to the Rhine, and in which we can by no possibility within the range of political foresight gain any permanent advan-

tage. Whether we fight or do not fight we must in any case within one generation lose the control of the Canadas, which, again, has for years been of the smallest possible benefit. To mortgage posterity in order to do battle for a temporary nominal sway over a vast region whose inhabitants own their own soil, make their own laws, keep out our produce by protective tariffs, and disobey English orders, seems simple imbecility, and were the prize of war Acadia as a new possession no man of average brains would hesitate to refuse the challenge. On the other hand, it is by no means certain that we should win. The Federal Government has very large, very experienced, and very well-commanded armies in motion, armies which we could not hope to subdue except by an effort which we all know will only be made for a European, perhaps only for a British object. Colonel Jervois, held to be competent authority, believes the frontier to be indefensible, as indeed all men can see that it is; and suggests that as matters stand the garrison will be fortunate if it escapes to its ships. Our one chance is a maritime war, which may be successful, and if successful may impose upon the federal government losses which will induce it to abandon the dream many Englishmen believe its people to entertain. Under any conceivable view the defence of Canada would produce a long, a costly, and a profitless war.

Nevertheless Her Majesty's Government, with all these facts before them, have replied that they will defend Canada if only the Canadians are prepared to defend themselves. That, carefully concealed in the folds of formal, almost of diplomatic phraseology, is the meaning of their answers to Lord Lyveden, Lord Ellenborough, and Lord Derby, and they are right in their resolve. There is no calamity within the scope of a judicious politician's foresight which would be half so injurious to this country as an American war, save only one, and that is, to skulk from a recognized duty from fear of American threats or American invasion. That duty, as it seems to us, is under certain conditions clear and patent. We have no more right to abandon the people of British North America to foreign rule against their own consent than we have to abandon Ireland or Cornwall under the same circumstances, — than the head of a household has to give up his family to insult and spoliation. Of course the obligation must be mutual. If the colonies are at heart careless about the matter, if they had rather join the United States than undergo the necessary sacrifices for independence, if they look to the mother

country to do all and to themselves only to receive all, if they even seek to refuse under any circumstances reciprocity of aid, and claim the right of standing neutral, say in a war with France, then *cadit questio*, we have only to perform solemn ceremonials and retire. But if they are saying what they really think, are willing to arm and die provided they can but trust in our alliance, if they will furnish their quota of men, their proportion of expenditure, in order to maintain their independence, — then also *cadit questio*; our duty clear and imperative is to do for them what we should do for Cornwall, fight on, successful or unsuccessful, at any cost and any hazard short of national dissolution. It is nonsense to talk of the indefensibility of the American provinces. We are bound to try to defend them, even if we see from the first that the defence must be illusory, as we should be bound to defend Cornwall, even though the true policy for Great Britain were simply to draw a cordon across the peninsula and give the country up to ravage. That is evidently the decision of Her Majesty's Ministers, and it would not much matter if it were not.

There are certain points, very few, but very definite, upon which British affairs are not under the control of any Ministry, or even of any Ministry supported by any Opposition, and this, like the continuance of the Crimean war, is one of them. If there is any war regarded with secret dread by the English middle class, with utter abhorrence by the masses of the people, it is war with the United States, but before they would sacrifice a colony to a menace from Washington, both classes would abandon their traditions and take affairs into their own hands. The educated among them would perhaps be very glad to be well rid of Canada, the ignorant would scarcely know where Canada was, but neither education nor ignorance would make the slightest difference in the clear comprehension of the nation that to abandon allies of our own blood who pray not to be abandoned would be an act dangerous to national existence, fatal to something higher even than that existence — the national self-respect.

The defence of Canada being inevitable, the Ministry have, so far as we may judge from the very slight hints afforded by their speeches, the reports of Colonel Jervois, and the estimates, acted wisely. They have endeavoured, at the least expense and with the least appearance of menace to the United States, to place Canada in the position in which she may best with our assistance be able to defend herself. They have

sent a competent officer to report upon the defences, have examined his report, have decided on the work to be done by the colony and the Empire respectively, and have quietly but honestly asked the permission of Parliament to do their share. Colonel Jervois's report in brief amounts simply to this: — Canada as at present organized is indefensible unless her whole population rise in arms. Even if they do, the operation will require time, and immediately any garrison we could send — he underrates that perhaps — would be in a position of imminent peril. To enable them to act effectively they must be securely masters of certain positions, more especially Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, and three much less known strategical points. Her Majesty's Government, considering that report, have come to the conclusion that of the points mentioned Quebec more especially falls on them, firstly, because there is no doubt that French Canada of all the colonies most objects to being annexed; secondly, because French Canada is of all the colonies the one most exposed to attack; and thirdly, because Quebec from its singular geographical position at the head of the ocean-borne navigation of the St. Lawrence, from its strength, and from its history, is best entitled to the appellation of an "Imperial fortress." They have resolved to spend upon it a sum which seems too small, 200,000*l.*, but which is the sum stated by Colonel Jervois, as fast as they can obtain men and material, that is, as he also, we may presume, calculates, at the rate of 50,000*l.* a year. To have declined to do this would have been to justify Canadian inaction by convincing the people that the British Government at heart contemplated only a maritime war on their behalf. To have done it is to have done what Wellington did when he planted a single sentry upon the bridge of Jena, — to have convinced all on-lookers that the strength of Great Britain, great or small, but at all events its whole strength, is pledged to the maintenance of that position. This is the security the Canadians required; they have now obtained it, and it rests with them to decide whether if attacked and secure of British alliance they still value their character as subjects of the British Crown above their ease. If they do not they had better claim their independence at once, and deal with their powerful neighbours as nation to nation; if they do, they will be defended by her Majesty's Government with a strenuousness which will be criticized by Her Majesty's Opposition only for want of energy.

From The Spectator 25 Feb.

CASTE IN NORTH AND SOUTH.

It is not unfrequently desirable in studying the history of a great civil war like that in America to put aside as far as possible all preconceived ideas, and *interrogate* events, in order to judge of the growth of new tendencies due to those incalculable influences that are the offspring of revolution. For such a purpose the policy which is actually determined upon in direct relation to war is often of far less importance than those minor symptoms which betray the involuntary social attitudes of men's minds, and which are the spontaneous result of the changed moral atmosphere, not the deliberate design of political counsel. There have been two little incidents recently at the Southern and Northern capitals, neither of which seems to have been the result of Government purpose, but which seem to us far more instructive as to the true bent of the rival societies than the formal speeches which Mr. Lincoln made to the Confederate Commissioners at Fortress Monroe and the Confederate Commissioners to Mr. Lincoln.

On the 3rd of February, as we read in the page of the *Richmond Sentinel* of the 4th February, — which brings, by the way, the depreciation of the Confederate currency more graphically before the eye than any figures could do, being priced at half a dollar (2s.), and consisting of a dirty piece of paper printed on both sides, containing in all about one-eighth of the matter of the *Standard* or the *Star*, — on the 3rd February, Mr. Atkins, of Tennessee, moved in the Confederate House of Representatives to substitute for Mr. Gholson's resolution permitting the arming of the slaves, a series of his own, of which the following is the most important: —

"Resolved, — That between subjugation and using our slaves in our defence every principle of nature and self-preservation requires the latter, and therefore we would at once put one hundred thousand slaves, between seventeen and forty-five, into the field; and in order to render them effective and immediately to interest all our soldiers in the institution, it is expedient that the Government should purchase all the slaves thus put in the army, and give to each white soldier now in the army, or who will join the army within three months after the enactment of a law in accordance with these resolves, a slave to be his absolute right and property, to be forever free from all claims from any and all persons, and the title only to be diverted by such soldier abandoning his post without leave, in which case the title shall revert to the Government."

The resolutions were referred ultimately to the Committee on military affairs, and it is not likely that they will ever be more than a symptom of moral feeling in the Confederacy. But they were introduced not only without exciting any protest, but by special favour, — a member who had precedence of Mr. Atkins expressly retiring in his favour; and from the short discussion they underwent it is clear there was no sort of repugnance entertained to them on any moral or philanthropic grounds, — the whole discussion turning simply on the military wisdom of putting arms into the hands of the slaves at all. Not a word throughout the discussion was said on the moral character of this monstrous proposition. It was received in precisely the same spirit, — as a mere question of expediency, — as all the other propositions for emancipating and arming, or arming without emancipating, or employing as labourers without either arming or emancipating, the slaves. All these proposals alike are received with absolute indifference to the negro side of the question, no Southern gentleman ever even offering an argument based thereon. They get very warm on the subject of caste, like Mr. Wigfall, of Texas, for instance, who said in the Confederate Senate that *'he was fighting for slavery, and nothing else; the patent of nobility is in the colour of the skin,'* — or Mr. Maxwell, of Florida, who would "vote for no measure tending to make soldiers of negroes; he would not discuss the question of their fitness as soldiers; he had not lost the pride of a Southern man yet; he did not intend to lose it." But to no one does it seem even to occur, to discuss any of these numerous proposals with reference, however slight, to the negro's welfare. The net result of all these discussions is uniformly the same — that slavery, instead of being a necessary evil, as it was held to be even by the keenest Southerners thirty years ago, is a great and necessary good, — and its sacrifice, if it should be necessary to sacrifice it, a clear evil that could only be justified by its effect in winning victory for the Confederate arms. The Confederacy may be driven to emancipation just as a man may be driven by the fear of mortification to consent to lose his leg or his arm, but even the most patriotic amongst them, in urging the sacrifice, speak of it precisely as other nations speak of the temporary sacrifice of liberty when a dictator is armed for a time with absolute power. It is the last great surrender of the thing dearest to the nation's heart, far dearer than peace and prosperity, dearer than

its life-blood, less dear only than its independence.

As for the negroes themselves, it no more occurs to the nation to think of their interest in the matter than to think of the personal interest of the horses for which General Lee makes a requisition. Yet consider only the real significance of Mr. Atkins' motion to the negro,—that aspect of the question which never even crosses the imagination of the Confederate Congress. He proposes in fact something equivalent to the Northern Homestead Act,—only that he proposes to inspire the mean whites with a sentiment of patriotism and loyalty by the gift, *not* of land, but of a live negro. He would make the army an army of peasant proprietors,—but of peasant proprietors in flesh and blood rather than in the soil. Slavery is more closely identified with the South than even its soil. Let every soldier have his own negro—his “absolute” right in flesh and blood—to fight for, and he will carry his home and hearth with him,—he will fight *not pro aris et focis*, but *pro aris et nigris*. True, the negroes, thus abandoned to the absolute will of ignorant and brutal soldiers in the field,—abandoned to them with the express view with which wild beasts are made to taste blood before they fight,—that they may know the true greediness of masterhood and die in defence of the right to rule over a human creature by the power of the lash,—the negroes thus attached to the persons of a coarse and violent soldiery, and daily taught by the chafing of the military yoke over themselves to thirst for the sweet opportunity of imposing it in their turn on inferiors, would lead such a life as slaves never led before except on the middle passage. The army would become a torture-house for negroes, where mean and servile natures would be draining daily deep draughts of the delights of absolute despotism,—would be plied with the intoxicating stimulant of power over slaves in order that they might fight as desperately as the Russians fought at Inkerman under the intoxication of a less deadly drug. That is the *idea* of the resolutions of Mr. Atkins, of Tennessee, but even that does not excite a remark in the Confederate Congress. If the stimulant would answer we may clearly infer that the stimulant would be administered, not only without a shadow of scruple, but without the thought crossing them that such an objection might exist.

On the 1st of February, three days before

this proposition was made at Richmond, an incident equally significant occurred in the northern capital at Washington. Mr. Sumner, of Massachusetts, on that day entered the Supreme Court,—the Court-room appears to be the same as the Senate-room in which Mr. Sumner was nearly murdered some few years ago by Mr. Brooks, of South Carolina, for denouncing slavery as a barbarous and inhuman institution,—and standing with true dramatic propriety, it is said, on the very spot then stained by his blood, moved the Supreme Court “that John S. Rock, a member of the Supreme Court of the State of Massachusetts, be admitted to practice as a member of this Court.” Now, John S. Rock is a negro, an unmitigated negro, without any semblance of even mixed blood. The Chief Justice recently appointed in the room of Mr. Taney, Mr. Chase, simply nodded assent, and the few accidental spectators of the scene had the pleasure of seeing the clerk of the Court, an appointee of Mr. Taney's, to whom negro equality seems the last depth of human degradation, administer the oaths to the first negro barrister in that Court, with that kind of hard propriety with which self-interest forced him to cover his profound disgust. This is no uncertain indication of the social revolution which is following in the steps of the political revolution in the North. Illinois, too, has just spontaneously repealed its “Black law,”—the law against the immigration of negroes, slave or free,—and everywhere it is evident that the policy of the constitutional amendment is winning its way, not only into the minds but the hearts of the people.

The passion of caste, rapidly dying out in the North, is flaming higher than ever in the breasts of the South. “The patent of nobility,” says Mr. Wigfall, of Texas, “is the colour of the skin,” and he and his comrades make the patent of nobility a patent also of reckless inhumanity. “I move the Court,” says Mr. Sumner, of Massachusetts, without the most distant allusion to colour, “that John S. Rock be admitted to practice as a member of this Court,” and a nod of the Chief Justice destroys the old “patent of nobility” for ever. We say that the Englishman who can look at these contrasted pictures and throw his heart and hopes into the cause of caste and bondage, is little worthy to belong to the nation which thirty years ago made so great and noble a sacrifice to abolish slavery.

BURIAL OF JACOB.

It is a solemn cavalcade, and slow,
That comes from Egypt; never had the land,
Save when a Pharaoh died, such pomp of woe
Beheld; never was bier by such a band
Of princely mourners followed, and the grand
Gloom of that strange funereal armament
Saddened the wondering cities as it went.

At length they reach a lonely mansion, where,
Within a spacious court-yard, and the sweep
Of wide and airy granaries, they prepare
The solemn closing obsequies to keep;
For an appointed time they rest, and weep
With ceaseless lamentation, and the land
Rings with a grief it cannot understand.*

Tradition long kept memory of the place
Where the Egyptians met, and told how great
Had been the weeping; how the ample space
Was crowded with the mourners; how their
state
Showed there were princes there; how round
the gate
The ranked chariots stood, and horses neighed,
And swarthy warriors loitered in the shade.

The rites thus duly paid, they onward went
Across the Eastern hills, and rested not
Till, slowly winding up the last ascent,
They see the walls of Hebron, and the spot
To him they bore so dear and unforget,
Where the dark cypress and the sycamore
Weave their deep shadows round the rock-hewn
door.

Now Jacob rests where all his kindred are —
The exile from the land in which of old
His father lived and died, he comes from far
To mix his ashes with their sacred mould.
There where he stood with Esau, in the cold
Dim passage of the vault, with holy trust,
His sons lay down the venerable dust.

They laid him close by Leah, where she sleeps
Far from her Syrian home, and never knows
That Reuben kneels beside her feet and weeps,
Nor glance of kindly recognition throws
Upon her stately sons from that repose;
His Rachel rests far sundered from his side,
Upon the way to Bethlehem, where she died.

Sleep on, O weary saint! thy bed is bless'd,
Thou, † with the pilgrim-staff of faith, hast
passed
Another Jordan into endless rest:

* "And they came to the threshing-floor of A'ad, which is beyond Jordan, and there they mourned, with a great and very sore lamentation; and he made a mourning for his father seven days." — Gen. i. 10.

† "With my staff I passed over this Jordan." — Gen. xxxii. 10.

Well may they sleep who can serenely cast
A look behind, while darkness closes fast
Upon their path, and breathe thy parting word,
'For Thy salvation I have waited, Lord!'

Long years will pass away, ere once again
Thy silence, O Machpelah! shall be stirred;
Thy boughs will spread unpruned, and mosses
stain

The ancient stones where sings the lonesome
bird:
And then as saintly dust will be interred
Within thy vaults once more, and rites be paid
As solemn underneath thy hoary shade.

JAMES D. BURNS.

THE TREE OF OUR COUNTRY.

Earth's broad beneficent mould,
Whence springs the elm triumphant into air,
Doth in its bosom fold
A vital essence that sustains it there.

Impalpable as thought,
Subtle, unseen, diffusive as the light,
The element is wrought
Into a shape of amplitude and might.

And if the warmth below
Feels not the fangs of th' envenomed frost,
Vainly the wild winds blow,
Tho' branch on branch be torn and tem-
pest-tost.

So, in the patriot heart,
Dwelleth the love of country deep and
strong,
Being itself a part
Of that great growth which brooks no hu-
man wrong.

Storms may sweep o'er the land,
And seeming shipwreck mock the timid eye,
Yet shall the great tree stand,
Rooted in hearts that will not let it die.

Die! look aloft, faint heart;
'Tis but the broken boughs thy soul affright,
As, straggling and apart,
Their wayward shadows swing beneath the
night.

These limbs shall grow apace,
Their bark uniting, scarce shall show a scar;
See, through each open space,
How like a prophet shines the Morning Star!

CORRESPONDENCE.

WE have received from our English cousins another acknowledgment of the receipt of a copy of "The Narrative of Privations and Sufferings in Rebel Prisons." It is dated *Usk, Monmouthshire*; and to the illegible signature of the writer are added the initials of his office, J. C. C. Besides the profession of great love of peace, and the usual charge "your government has chosen war"—the writer goes on to say: "The chatter about Rebels in a country professing to be ruled by opinion as expressed through the ballot-box is absurd."

We do not doubt that this opinion is honest, and fully represents the great masses of the middle classes in England. They are incapable of understanding that a *permanent* government can be *voluntarily* formed. And they have in the depth of their hearts the old offence ready to be revenged by what they consider to be revived principles of the American Revolution. They feel the same pleasure at the Secession that *we* feel in seeing Georgia and North Carolina seceding from the Confederacy. They think

"'Tis sport to see the Engineer
Hoist with his own petard."

Our former correspondents were roused to indignation by the infliction upon them of the postage of *eightpence*, which they had to pay for "The Narrative." That was entirely the fault of the Boston Post Office. The gentleman who sent 800 copies to the members of the Southern Aid Society, applied at the Post Office to know how much he should pay on each copy to secure its delivery free of cost to these honourable gentlemen. He was told that ten cents would accomplish this object, and he paid 80 dollars accordingly, and ten cent stamps were affixed.

We have since made inquiry, and hear that it is impossible to prepay printed matter so that it will be delivered in Great Britain free of postage. Two cents a copy would have prepaid the pamphlet from Boston to California or Oregon. But as it was to go by sea, our government charges ten cents for it. Now one would think that this would carry it to England, and that the English inland postage would be all that remained,—not so, it seems.

We pay hundreds of dollars in London to prepay the English magazines sent to the LIVING AGE office. The postage is about half as much as the cost of the periodicals there. But the steamer comes to Boston, sends her bags to the post office, and we have to pay the postage over again. We cannot see the justice of this; and perhaps this inability is only another instance of the difficulty which people have in believing what they don't like.

But to return to the subject of English opinions about the rebellion, we have to notice an important utterance of a different mind:

W. E. Baxter, M.P. for Montrose, delivered an address on the contest in America, in the Blairgowrie Mechanics' Hall, in which he gave reasons why he wished that "this daring revolt of the slaveowners should be put down now. I desire it in the interest of the black man, emancipated throughout the Union by the Republican policy, condemned to perpetual bondage by the Confederate constitution—I desire it in the interest of my country, which never could allow the re-opening of the African slave trade, or the indefinite extension of slave territory—I desire it in the interest of free constitutional government, endangered by the assertion of the right on the part of the minority when beaten to rebel—I desire it in behalf of North America, threatened by opposing systems, constant secessions, continual wars—I desire it because, looking to the future of other great Federal republics now in process of formation by us in Canada, in Australia, in New Zealand, and in South Africa, it is to be hoped that their eldest sister will be able to vindicate her right and power to give effect to the opinion of a constitutional majority, and to prevent class interest asserting a sacred right of insurrection."

Our English cousins are learning,—and after the conclusion of the war will be our most sincere admirers and friends. We shall not only have a majority in England, but shall have Parliament and the Press on our side.